

# The TATLER

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1/6

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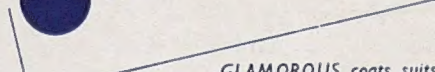
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### The New A.O.C-in-C., Coastal Command

It was announced last week that Air Marshal Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferté had succeeded Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill at Coastal Command, and at the same time had been promoted Temporary Air Chief Marshal. He is, because of his series of wireless war commentaries, one of the best known to the general public of R.A.F. chiefs. The foundation of his constant optimism about counter-measures against German night bombing was revealed by Lord Beaverbrook's recent broadcast to America on radio location when the Minister of State paid this tribute to Air Chief Marshal Joubert—"As much as any man he has developed the application in modern warfare of the discoveries of the radio pioneers." He was then Assistant Chief of Air Staff (Signals). He has held his new post before, in 1936-37, and after that commanded the R.A.F. in India for two years. In the last war he won the D.S.O., and was six times mentioned in despatches





# Way of the War

## By "Foresight"

### Retreat from Moscow

STALIN said to a caller at the Kremlin a few weeks ago: "Do not forget, I am an Asiatic." He was preparing to face the fact that he might have to retreat from Moscow before Hitler's advancing tanks and bombers. Sir Stafford Cripps flew to London hurriedly because he was convinced that Hitler was about to strike his heaviest blow at Stalin, and not negotiate a new agreement with him. Stalin was willing to be the arch-appeaser of all time. But it has become clearer that neither Hitler nor the German Army wished to listen. Both see the chance of an easy victory.

There can be little doubt that in Hitler's mind the subjugation of Soviet Russia—if it can be achieved—means something more than a parade of his panzer divisions. He wants the world to believe that he is a crusader about to crush an evil creed. He hopes to demonstrate and dramatise the triumph of Nazism over Communism. It is all part of his plan to impress the world with the power of his armies and the strength of his principles. The German General Staff see an opportunity to smash the Soviet military machine before it becomes a menace. What will Stalin do? In the last resort, all attempts to appease Hitler having failed, he is expected to fall back on a defensive line on the Volga, or, what is more likely, in the Ural mountains.

### Stalin the Sphinx

FROM his fortress within the Kremlin Stalin is reputed to have been better informed on the affairs of Europe and the personalities of the various statesmen than most people. His intelligence system is said to have been the best in the world and stronger in Germany than anywhere else. Indeed, it may be true that despite Hitler's Gestapo there is a potentially bigger Fifth Column inside Germany—the Communists—than exists in any other country. How will the German Communists, who may have maintained their organisation underground, react to this attack on Soviet Russia?

When Hitler eventually climbed to power in Germany Stalin is reported to have said that he was the biggest man since Napoleon, and the world would be wise to recognise the fact. This judgment must account for Stalin's apparently tortuous policy. He must have known that sooner or later Hitler would turn on him. To put off this evil day Stalin exhausted all the arts of appeasement. It is reliably reported that he even deprived Soviet Russia of essential commodities in order to ensure that Hitler's demands under the various "trade" agreements were more than satisfied.

The Red Army may be vast, but nobody knows better than Hitler what is its real strength. The Finnish campaign was most revealing. It showed that though the Russians possessed plenty of tanks—they are said to have more than 15,000—the army lacked organisation and, above all, mechanical mindedness. The Russian Air Force has been cracked up both for its size and skill, but nobody at this stage would believe that it can be a match for Goering's men and machines. In these circumstances Stalin may be facing disaster which will threaten not only his

regime, but in all probability his own person.

In the early days of the war there were many people who believed that large-scale hostilities between Germany and Russia would blunt Hitler's weapons and ease the pressure on the rest of the world. Can that be true if Stalin retreats and Hitler's victory is made comparatively easy?

### Sir Stafford's Future

WHEN Sir Stafford Cripps arrived in London by aeroplane his return to Moscow was problematical. His personal desire was to remain and resume his political career. He considered that his special mission to Moscow was at an end. For ten months he tried to improve relations between this country and Soviet Russia. Viscount Halifax selected him for this special task because he imagined that Sir Stafford would be acceptable to the Soviet Government on account of his Left Wing political principles. But the Russians did not take to Sir Stafford. They snubbed him. A blue-blooded aristocrat, or a red-hot Conservative, might have been treated with greater respect. But that is doubtful in the light of

subsequent events. Stalin was frightened to do anything which might have annoyed Hitler and contact with the British Ambassador, even occasionally, would certainly have aroused anger in Berlin.

Although unable to make close contacts with Russian ministers, Sir Stafford nevertheless appears to have formed fairly accurate judgment on the trend of events, and to this extent he has added to his reputation; and to his political knowledge. He went to Moscow an ardent Left Winger, who had fallen out with the Labour Party because they were not sufficiently extreme in their policies and principles.

As soon as it became known that Sir Stafford might not return to Moscow it was suggested that a post would be found for him in the Government. Some observers see him as a future leader of the Labour Party. He is a man of simple tastes—a vegetarian—deep convictions, and great courage, which he has sometimes demonstrated more clearly than political acumen. He has often given a practical turn to his Socialist beliefs by giving his legal services freely to the miners. At the Bar he could command the highest fees, and at one time his income was estimated at something like £30,000 a year. But he has had no experience of administering a Government department. In the Labour Government of 1929-1931 he was made Solicitor-General, but he did not hold that office long.

Before Sir Stafford went to Moscow he was technically outside the Labour Party, having been expelled by the executive, although the local caucus in East Bristol retained their confidence in him. He has not bothered to take any steps to regain admission,



### The New Chairman of the British Council

Sir Malcolm Robertson, M.P., has been Chairman of the British Council for a fortnight, succeeding in that post the late Lord Lloyd, and more recently Lord Riverdale, who has been acting Chairman since Lord Lloyd's death. Sir Malcolm Robertson, whose new appointment is a Foreign Office one, was in the Diplomatic Service for thirty years, and was Britain's first Ambassador at Buenos Aires. His knowledge of South America will be invaluable to the Council, since it is in that part of the world that much of their most important work is now being done. It was he who made the recommendations on which the organisation of the Foreign Service, as recently announced by Mr. Eden, has been based.



and obviously he will not do so until his future is more settled. If Sir Stafford does return to the Labour Party his influence will be considerable.

### Imperial War Talks

OTHER Dominion Prime Ministers may follow Mr. Peter Fraser, the New Zealand Premier, to London. There is talk of a conference to discuss the prosecution of the war, and the best means of attaining closer co-ordination of the war effort of the Empire. One item on the agenda would be the formation of an Empire War Council, the equivalent to the Imperial War Cabinet in the last war.

There are constitutional difficulties about inviting Dominion Prime Ministers, or even Ministers, to sit in our Cabinet as they did then. Each Dominion is a free and separate unit of the Crown and owing direct allegiance to the King under the Statute of Westminster. In these circumstances their Ministers cannot become members of the British Cabinet. A body, ranking between the Cabinet and the Privy Council, must therefore be created. Mr. Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister, has been agitating strongly for such a body in order that the Dominions can have a greater share in the conduct of war strategy. He himself would like to be Australia's representative in London, but this might be setting a precedent which other Dominions could not follow.

The entry to the House of Lords of Mr. R. B. Bennett, on being made a viscount in the Birthday Honours, will bring the former Conservative Prime Minister into closer touch

with British political life. He is suggested as Canada's representative on the Empire War Council, if Mr. Mackenzie King is agreeable. Mr. Bennett came to make his home in this country before the war broke out; and preferred to remain here when it started. On Lord Beaverbrook's appointment as Minister for Aircraft Production, Mr. Bennett was given a post in this Ministry. His work was not as arduous as Mr. Bennett would have liked and he occupied his spare time in supervising the work of the Canadian Red Cross and opening War Weapon Weeks in all parts of the country. In Canada, Mr. Bennett was regarded as a powerful debater, and a keen administrator, and there is no doubt that he will be an asset to the debating strength of the House of Lords.

### Publicity in America

IN parallel with the struggle on the home front between the Ministry of Information and various of the Whitehall departments who exercise control over the raw material of news and propaganda, is another one which has brought the Ministry of Information into sharp conflict with the Foreign Office. This relates to the improvement of our service of information to the United States. As I mentioned in these notes a few weeks ago a scheme had been approved by the British Ambassador in Washington, Viscount Halifax, whereby the full responsibility for this important work should be given to the Ministry of Information.

Sir Gerald Campbell, one of the ministers in Washington, was to be head of the new organisation in the United States, with his office in New York and branch departments

in four or five other leading centres, such as Chicago. It was considered vital that the machinery should be set in motion at the earliest possible moment. Indeed, it was contemplated that the staff recruited in Britain should have been already on the spot by this time. But inter-departmental difficulties have arisen which are holding matters up. They turn on personalities.

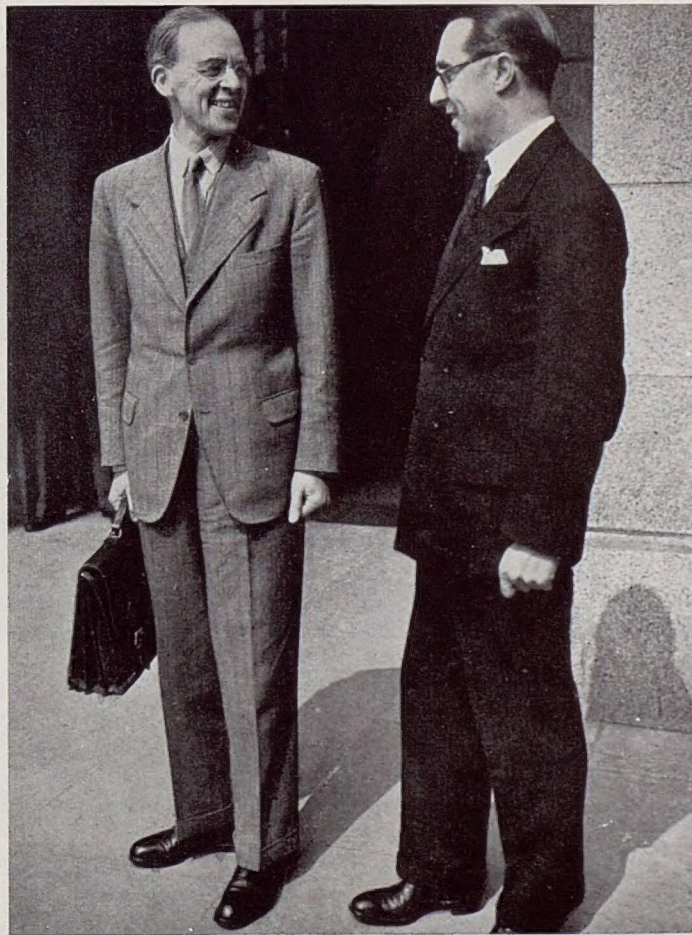
It has already been stated in the London Press that the intention was to appoint Mr. David Bowes-Lyon, a brother of the Queen, to be chief of staff to Sir Gerald Campbell and executive head of the whole organisation. In America this idea was warmly welcomed. Since the early days of the war Mr. Bowes-Lyon has been head of the information service of the Ministry of Economic Warfare, and has won the highest praise alike from the department and the Press and publicity people with whom he has been in constant contact.

At the eleventh hour, on the insistence of the Foreign Office, the appointment was cancelled and, in consequence, the entire scheme has been held up. It is understandable that the American Division of the Foreign Office might feel some chagrin that the work of publicity in America should be handed over to another department—to wit, the Ministry of Information—although the recommendation came in the first instance from a Foreign Office representative, in the person of Lord Halifax. But it seems a great pity that, in the course of the battle, we should be deprived of the services in America of one who, by common consent, would be ideally fitted to spread knowledge of Britain's war efforts throughout America.



K. of K.'s Great-Nephew

Cadet Earl Kitchener, great-nephew of the founder of a volunteer army of over a million men in the last war, is receiving instruction in the management of the army motor-cycle. He joined the Cambridge University O.T.C. and became an enthusiastic signaller, and is now an officer cadet undergoing the strenuous training necessary to receive a commission in the Royal Corps of Signals. He attended the recent service held in the Kitchener Memorial Chapel at St. Paul's, to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of his great-uncle



The British Ambassador to Moscow at M.O.I.

Sir Stafford Cripps paid a visit to the Ministry of Information a few days after he arrived in London from Moscow and was photographed in the summer sunshine with the Director-General, Sir Walter Monckton. Whether Sir Stafford Cripps will return to Russia and what turn his political career will take if he remains in England is discussed by "Foresight" in his article this week, as is also the battle over M.O.I.



# Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

Filming the Atlantic

IN high and august quarters, to wit, a Sunday paper, the theory was put forward recently that the film of a play or novel need not resemble its original, and could and perhaps should be a free fantasia having nothing in common with its begetter except a basic idea. Along these lines *Gone with the Wind* might well be called the screen adaptation of *Vanity Fair*, since Scarlett O'Hara and Becky Sharp are sisters under their skins, Becky turning herself into a lady and Scarlett remaining a promoted lady's maid. I must believe that the sponsors of this view, having seen *Atlantic Ferry* at the Warner Theatre, will pronounce it to be the perfect screen-adaptation of *Milestones*. Play and film deal with the opposition to steam as the motive power of ocean-going ships. And there the likeness ends.

IT is a known fact that all film audiences are preponderantly feminine, whence it follows that every film must have its love interest. Every film? Yes. And I here declare that the authors and adapters of *Atlantic Ferry* have, with great skill, turned what might have been a sober-sided picture of steam versus sail into an ecstatic account of how Mary Ann Morison, betrothed to the sailing brother, switched over to the steam-minded one. Now Mary Ann

was not, to my way of thinking, a consistent young woman. She could and did give a wilfully staccato rendering of Chopin's obviously legato No. 3 Etude, Op. 10. But there was to be nothing spiky in Mary's transition from the old love to the new; the change-over was of a smoothness in envy of which Pachmann would have torn his hair.

Indeed it was not until the captain announced that the *Britannia* had only twenty minutes to live before she foundered that Mary could find it in her heart to glue her lips, in the teeth of the gale, to the lips and teeth of Charles MacIver, the steam champion. The trouble, it appeared, was a smashed paddle wheel. So into the paddle box descended Charles, and only by main force was Mary prevented from descending with him. And then the paddle wheel was freed, whereupon the steamer ran into fog. Whereafterupon, David, the sailing brother, hearing that a buoy was loose in the channel, set out in a coast-guard's cutter to warn the *Britannia*, and was rammed for his pains. All this happened, of course, before Beachcomber's invention of an improved fog-horn sharpener.

So David died, and Charles got the lass, and one reflected that the cause of all this film trouble was not buoy in the channel but girl in the offing.

WELL, it is all very well done. There is one magnificent fight and very little suggestion that the ship in travail is in reality a bit of cork bobbing about in a bath at Elstree, or wherever it was made. The casting, too, is on the whole good. Michael Redgrave is gradually learning that to act on the screen is fatal and that merely to be is enough. He has height, good screen presence, a good voice and just a hint of that forlornness which women find irresistible.

Valerie Hobson is a newcomer to me, or I think she is. I find her a little hard and a little too brainy for a screen heroine, who should, in my view, be made out of puff pastry stuck together with golden syrup. And why, too, did she rush on deck in the height of the storm clad in such sensible clothes? White satin with a train of pink velvet is the traditional gear for screen-heroines about to mend a bowsprit or unclog an anchor. What I think I am trying to say is that Valerie Hobson will be a better film actress when she has better material.

THE date of the film is 1840, and I presume that the authors are right in their presentation of the horrors facing emigrants at that period. Is it possible that, only a hundred years ago, when a sailing ship was blown out of its course and delayed for days there was no further provision of food or even water and that these poor people were battered down and left to die? Dickens paid his first visit to America in 1842, when he went by Cunard packet, and presumably there were no emigrants on board or conditions had been improved. At least, he says nothing on the point.

I permit myself to note here that in all other respects the impression I got from re-reading Forster's *Life*, Vol. I, Chapter 19—which I did immediately on leaving the theatre—was exactly that which I had received from the film. There was only one anachronism, and it was of no importance. It was merely that the élite of Boston could not, in 1840, have danced to Strauss's "Morgenblätter," which was not composed until the 'sixties. And did my ears deceive me when I heard a reference to *His Majesty's Mails*. *Her Majesty* had been seated on the throne for three years, and very firmly seated too!

BEFORE saying anything about *Cheers for Miss Bishop* (Regal), let me congratulate the proprietors of this charming and charmingly run cinema on—well, they know what. According to the programme this film is the screen adaptation of a screen play made from a novel. So what? So who? the staring owl in me protests. If a screen play need possess the minimum of approximation to its original, what about the screen adaptation of a screen play? Let our Sunday punditress—"at whose knees I imbibe wisdom," as the lady novelist said—pronounce.

This film is a rather slow-moving affair about a teacher in a mixed college who finds her modern methods becoming old-fashioned in their turn while she herself is not the snappy instructress of youth she was forty years ago. A little too like *Mr. Chips*? Yes, a great deal too like that popular and nostalgic sweetmeat. But the nostalgia is there, and it may well be that Miss Aldrich, who wrote the novel, has never heard of Mr. Hilton or his work. The film might, perhaps, be fairly placed in the unhappy category of the picture which is good without being good enough.

Martha Scott is a clever actress whom I can watch for long periods together without ennui or nausea. She is completely devoid of affectation, and apparently does not hold the view that the earth revolves round the axis of her personal charms.



Heroine and Hero of "Atlantic Ferry"

Valerie Hobson is Mary Ann Morison, the Glasgow girl whose life and love story were all mixed up with the steam v. sail battle in the shipping world a hundred years ago. Michael Redgrave is Charles MacIver, the younger of the two shipbuilding brothers, who built the *Britannia*, first steamship to cross the Atlantic. The other, sail-loving, brother, David, to whom Mary Ann is engaged, is played by Griffith Jones. Walter Forde directed "Atlantic Ferry" about which Mr. Agate writes this week. It is now at the Warner Theatre

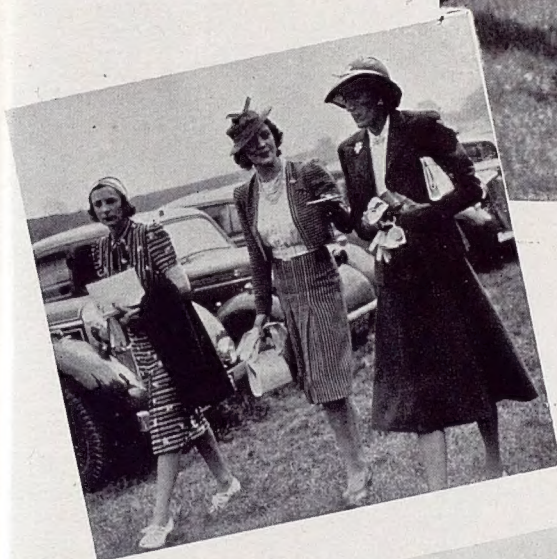


# At the Derby

A Big Crowd Saw the  
Big Race on the July  
Course at Newmarket



Two furlongs from home Selim Hassan, Starwort and Annatom led a closely-bunched field. Owen Tudor's nose appears, second from right, as the winner begins to break through. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan's horse, which won (at 25 to 1) by a length and a half from Morogoro, the second favourite, was ridden by W. Nevett, and trained by Fred Darling. Morogoro also came from the Darling stable, which had four runners in this year's Derby, and has now produced seven winners of the race. Firoze Din, a 100-to-1 outsider, was third. In spite of transport and petrol restrictions, a huge crowd (see below) made its way to Newmarket to see the second Derby of the war



Lady Fiona Fuller, Mrs. Patrick Smyly and Mrs. Barclay arrived together on the course



On the right are Lord Pembroke, Mrs. Richard Ward, Mr. Kenneth Wilson and Lady Pembroke





# The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

## "Actresses Will Happen" (Apollo)

TO complete the old saying, as modernised by Walter Ellis for the purposes of this farce, "Actresses will happen in the best-regulated families." And even when they don't, they may yearn to happen, as was the case with the Pryor family at the Apollo. This consisted of Mr. Pryor (Christopher Steele), who was prim and pernickety; Mrs. Pryor (Iris Hoey), who was foolish and flyaway; and Miss Pryor (Vicki Lister), who was silly and suburban and resembled her mother in so far as, having no qualifications, she aspired to become a film star. And as Miss Pryor had met a foreign (or was he?) producer (G. H. Mulcaster), who had promised to give her a chance, and as Mrs. Pryor was on the brink of a "test," these ladies, when the curtain rose, were in a flutter of excitement which must be kept from papa, his career (though he had just lost his job) being connected with bishops and the Church.

Sketches by  
Anna Zinkeisen



Film-struck daughter and film-struck mother (Vicki Lister and Iris Hoey), and a real film star (Melva Singer)

PAPA, had he known, need not have worried, for the film producer was only leading the ladies up the garden path, having designs not strictly honourable upon the daughter. He never had the slightest intention of letting her ruin an expensive picture or, as she innocently thought, of leading her to the altar. And when he got down to brass tacks and proposed a nice little flat and no preliminary formalities, the scales fell from her eyes, she sent him about his business, and a dependable if unglamorous young man (Anthony Bazell) who had been hovering in the offing got his chance with Miss Pryor at last.

So the two ladies (for Mrs. Pryor fared no better than her daughter) were disappointed of their hopes. And how, indeed, could they expect to get on in that station of life to which they desired to be called when they couldn't mix a cocktail fit even for a stand-in to swallow?



Parlourmaid (Esma Cannon) and friend of the family (Herbert Lomas)

THIS is only one half of the story. The other half concerns papa, who, while his womenfolk were keeping their secret from him, was simultaneously keeping a secret from them. For while they were vainly endeavouring to get on the screen, he was vainly endeavouring to keep off it. True, he might have just the right kind of face for the part offered, but what would the bishop say? The material considerations, however, were too great for him to resist temptation. Under an assumed name, he consented to appear. Under an assumed name, he became a star overnight. And hearken to him now as he spouts Americanisms in the home quite out of keeping with his reputation, as "You're telling me" and "Sez you" and so on. All of which come in very handy in a third act.

WALTER ELLIS, who wrote *Almost a Honey-moon* and *A Little Bit of Fluff* and *Good Men Sleep at Home* knows his job, but does he not know it, perhaps, almost too well? And might not the same be said of Iris Hoey, who doesn't seem to have a moment when she isn't knowing her job and giving you a gilt-edged guarantee to get the last ounce out of nothing? Apart from an original little sketch of a parlourmaid by Esma Cannon, the only acting of interest in the piece comes from Herbert Lomas as Mr. Pryor's lumbbersome, classical, pipe-scraping, theoretical friend. For an actor of his size and scope, the part is a poor one, but he plays it like a master. And what a master he is, what power he possesses, what vast comedy and tragedy he suggests, and what chances he hasn't been given in the course of his long, honourable, and unprominent career! If ever there is a National Theatre, Mr. Lomas should be one of the first choices. But he won't be, for I suspect that Mr. Lomas does not know how to play his cards and does not even try to play his cards. The comprehensive knowledge he has of his art probably includes no knowledge of the Gentle Art of Getting to Know the Right People. They ought to have a special department for teaching that at the R.A.D.A. Or ought they?



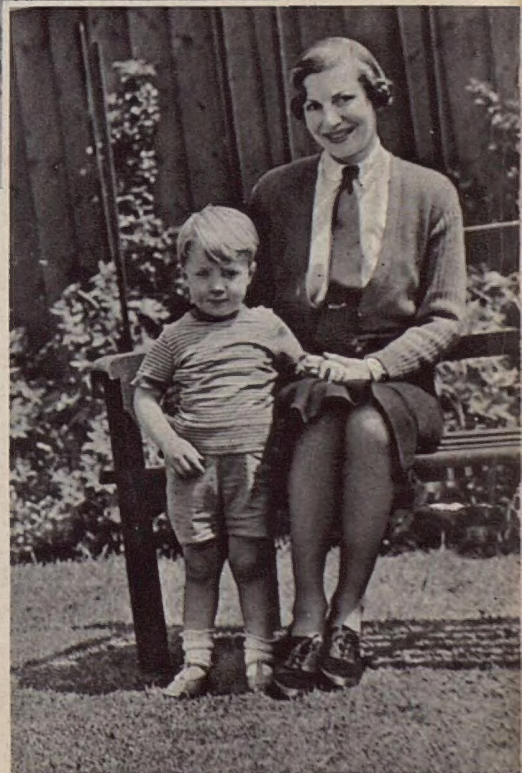


Photographs by  
Swaebe

*Lady Willoughby de Broke holds up her son, David, who will be three next September, so that he can make friends with a two-weeks-old foal, at Woodley House, Kington*

## Lady Willoughby de Broke with Her Son At Home in Warwickshire

Lady Willoughby de Broke is very busy running a mobile canteen for troops in the neighbourhood of her Warwickshire home, and has little spare time. What free hours she has are spent at Woodley House, Kington, with her only child, the Hon. David Verney. Before her marriage in 1933 she was Miss Rachel Wrey; her father was the late Sir Bouchier Sherard Wrey, eleventh Baronet. Her husband is a Group Captain in the Auxiliary Air Force, and has an appointment at the Air Ministry. He is well known on the Turf and in the hunting-field; was Joint-Master of the Warwickshire Hounds for several seasons, and is a member of the National Hunt Committee. In his absence from home, the estate is looked after and the breeding of horses carried on as far as possible under existing circumstances.



*The Hon. Leopold David Verney, son and heir of Lord Willoughby de Broke, stands for a photograph beside his mother. On the left she is in uniform and ready to go on duty with her mobile canteen*



# Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

## Queen's Messenger

A PICTURESQUE sounding thing, which one vaguely pictures as someone in a plumed hat and flowing cloak, about to gallop about the country on a specially splendid horse, with the cloak flying out behind him. Actually, of course, it means a very special kind of mobile canteen service, perpetually on call to race to any part of the country where most needed.

Miss Mary Wellesley, daughter of Lady George Wellesley, and niece of the Duke of Wellington, is in charge of one. In a bit of time-off last week she was lunching with Captain Charles Harding, who has just acquired his third pip. She is dark and good-looking, and was wearing a grey coat and skirt and yellow jumper.

## People About

MISS EDITH EVANS was out and about, dressed in russet colour with a hat with a veil. Lady Long was out dancing: she is the middle one of the three dark Charteris sisters. Mr. David Herbert is in London, but his brother, Mr. Tony Herbert, is in the horrible East—horrible now, anyway, however glamorous its smells, bells and yells may be in peacetime.

Lady Lymington, who is Commandant of a hospital in the country, was seen at a cocktail party during a visit to London. Mr. John Marriner had the first cigarette ration card I have seen, and Sir Robert Bird was recalling the Italian lakes, now so inaccessible.

## First Night

THE start of the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera at the Savoy Theatre was almost as grand as a peacetime first night. None of the usual war casualness about arriving late, and the overture started to a crowded house, containing lots of dinner jackets and evening dresses: next door at the Savoy extra attendants were on duty to cope with the rush of evening capes after the show.

Sydney Granville was in excellent spirits, and cuffed the small drummer boy (who, incidentally, was the Savoy's smallest page) so heartily that he sent him sprawling on all fours into the wings.

The audience was enthusiastic, and included a good many American journalists—the *New York Times* have, in fact, taken a box for the season. Crowds in the Savoy Grill afterwards, where the bricked-in walls are now decorated with four large gaily



## A Peerage for Sir Robert Vansittart

One of the four peerages conferred in the Birthday Honours was the barony which Sir Robert Vansittart receives on retiring after a long career at the Foreign Office. For the last three years he has been Chief Diplomatic Adviser to the Foreign Secretary. With him and a large heavy parcel, outside the F.O., is Lady Vansittart

painted plaques representing the seasons. Spring is just a fat cloud with the sun peeping coyly round it, but summer boldly appears as a striped sunshade.

## On Leave

MR. GEOFFREY NARES, son of Mr. Owen Nares, is now in the R.A.S.C., and was having a bit of leave last week. Before the war he went from acting to stage designing; thence with a bump to the more manual activities of the Ranks.

One day, before he got his commission, he went to the flat of Princess Helene Youievitch, who stared at him languidly from a sofa and said, "Are you a private?" "Yes." "I have never seen one so close before."

She is now in America, but her amusing sister, Nika, is living in London: Lady Iris O'Malley has been staying with her.

Mr. Nares has one of those darling little cars about the size of a bumble bee, white, too, which adds to its charming toylikeness.

## Wedding

LORD ERLEIGH and Miss Margot Duke have just got married. Now that there are no more boat trains to whisk away happy couples at the right moment they can remain on at their own wedding parties as happy reminders of what it has all been about.

Al Collins's band, much of it in R.A.F. uniform, attended this wedding, and others there included Mr. Derek Bligh, the Julian Phipps', Mr. Gordon Claridge, Sir Malcolm Campbell, and admired Miss Diana Barnato.

Also Wing Commander Toby Charlton, always full of lovely stories. Last time I saw him he was talking to his chief, Sir Charles Portal, and Lady Portal.

(Concluded on page 458)



## A Cable for Mr. Randolph Churchill

The Hon. Mrs. Randolph Churchill sent the first cable (costing 2s. 6d.) under the new "Say It With Numbers" scheme. She chose messages 46, 44 and 37 for her husband, who is serving in the Middle East: "All well at home; fondest love and kisses; greetings from us all." "All" includes young Winston Churchill, nearly nine months old, whose photograph stands on his mother's desk. Mr. and Mrs. Churchill (she is Lord Digby's eldest daughter) were married in 1939



## A Canteen at Chippenham

The Hon. Mrs. Piers Legh Runs a Y.M.C.A. Tea Car in Wiltshire



Y.M.C.A. Tea Car No. 531

The Hon. Mrs. Piers Legh is the American wife of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Piers Legh, second son of Lord Newton, and an Equerry-in-Waiting to the King. She stands beside the mobile tea car which she is running in Wiltshire. With her are her daughter, Lady Grenfell, and two friends, Lady Violet Benson and Mrs. Ruby Lindsay, her constant helpers. The house in the background is Spyre Park, the home of Captain Spicer, from where the canteen starts out on its rounds to serve the local troops



A Car Load of Books

Lady Grenfell, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Piers Legh and her late husband, Captain the Hon. Alfred T. Shaughnessy, hands up a load of books to Mrs. Ruby Lindsay to be stacked in the van. These are tremendously appreciated by troops in the outlying districts; money to buy them has been sent to Mrs. Lindsay from friends in America



A Trayful of Chocolate

The Hon. Mrs. Piers Legh, Lady Violet Benson, Mrs. Ruby Lindsay and Lady Grenfell fill up trays with chocolate, for which there is always a great demand. Lady Violet Benson is the wife of Mr. Guy Benson, of Compton Bassett House, Calne, Wilts. Her first husband, Captain Lord Elcho, son of the ninth Earl of Wemyss, was killed in action in 1916. Mrs. Lindsay is a cousin of Lady Violet's mother, the late Duchess of Rutland



The End of the Day

On returning from the day's work, there is always plenty of washing up to be done. Lady Grenfell helps her mother with the job. She was married in 1932 to Lord Grenfell, a Captain in the Queen's Westminsters, K.R.R.C. They have two children, a son, Julian, aged six, and a daughter, Caroline, who was born in 1933



# Social Round-about

(Continued)

## In Hampshire

NICE country, and handy for London, always a sought after combination. Miss Bettie Greenish is living down there at the moment: Mr. Terry Weldon and his fiancée, Miss Sue Hopkinson, plan to take a nearby cottage when married.

Sir Harry Brittain is a well-known person living in the near neighbourhood: in between frequent visits to London demanded by his many interests, he does strenuous gardening down there.

Among the loveliest of big Hampshire houses is Dogmersfield Park, which belonged at one time to the Louis Bruguères. Before the war it was his hobby to buy and improve large houses: another of his was St. Audries, in Somerset, which he sold to a girls' school.

## Possible Gala

PLANS are in the bag for a species of Elizabethan Water Fete on that lovely reach of the Thames set among Tudor buildings at Marlow. The young Elizabeth was actually imprisoned, by Mary Tudor, in the beautiful old Abbey there, and the idea is for an impersonation of her to sail down the river in a barge at dusk. Of course there will be more to the scheme than that, and apart from the spectacular angle, which should be very picturesque, there will be merry-making at the Compleat Angler, lending itself for the occasion: the whole thing in aid of the South London Hospital for Women.

It is hoped that Valerie Hobson will be the young Elizabeth. She is a lovely person, and nice with it, in private life the wife of Mr. Tony Havelock Allan, the director.

## Sunday Evening

MAIDENHEAD still exists, and the places "on the river" where fun is to be had, on a rather smaller scale than in the past, and of course the ideal June Sunday evening is in a large country house, with lawns lapping at the doorstep, and "rambler roses exercising their mute appeal" (quotation from one of Robert Eddison's monologues) all about.

Failing all that, Victoria Station is not without faint incident, fairly unconnected with June, the moon (above—and love), but interesting in itself. Soldiers, sailors and airmen, being seen off to the stations now so thick on the ground all over the country. A drunk woman singing and gesticulating at the barrier—when I watched in innocent love of spectacle, her cross drunk friend remarked that I might be the same myself one day, so why stare?—and across the road a cinema running two films with the titles *The Navy Steps Out* and *Four Mothers*.

## In 1920

FINDING old letters is amusing—one from Arnold Bennett written in 1920 recalls things going on then.

"You will be terribly bored by *The Garden of Allah*. Apart from entertainments for which I am more, or less responsible in this city, the following are the best shows, in order of excellence. *The Whiteheaded Boy*, *The Skin Game*, *The Pavilion*, *French Leave*. *Mary Rosé* would be a great risk. Personally I think it is dreadful. It would be a great mistake not to go to *The Beggar's Opera*, as this is by universal consent the finest thing in London. If you go on Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday night I will give you a box or other accommodation, provided you let me know in advance. *The Pavilion*, although not on the same level as a whole with one or two other things, contains episodically some of the best things I have



## A Wedding in Madrid

Mr. David Babington Smith, Third Secretary at the British Embassy, Madrid, and the Hon. Mary Joan Fenella Hope-Morley, elder daughter of Lord Hollenden and of the Hon. Mrs. Alan Hillgarth, were married at the British Embassy Chapel, Madrid, with a reception at the private residence of the Ambassador, Sir Samuel Hoare. Mr. Babington Smith is the youngest son of the late Sir Henry Babington Smith, and Lady Elisabeth Babington Smith, of Far End, St. Andrews, Fife, and nephew of the Earl of Elgin.

ever seen on the stage, and is a very sound entertainment. I refer to the impersonations of Nelson Keys and the (unappreciated) Spanish dancing of I forget her name. If you act contrary to my advice, you will regret it, and ennui will be your Nemesis."

## Final Advice

THE letter goes on: "As regards Galleries, of course the British Museum is first. The National Gallery is greatly improved, and the Wallace should be seen. It has just been reopened.

"If I was showing London to an innocent, I should take a bus ride from Putney to Ilford, and return by train. It means a morning. The world can offer no spectacle so grandiose."

## On and On

IT is amazing to think of the Windmill going on and on with its non-stop programme for all these years—all through all blitzing and everything. I hadn't been since the long ago days when everyone was busy "discovering" John Tilley, now dead, alas, but then so madly funny. No one of his calibre in the present programme, but a very slick little show all the same, with just those nips of nudism cunningly inserted to entrance the chaps. Big bonny girls, leaping about in apparent high spirits, vaguely supported by slightly less bonny boys, several nice comedians with loud voices and red faces, and some well-devised sketches and tableaux. Also a pleasant "guest artist" doing folk songs and versions of fairy tales in broken English and (presumably) unbroken Russian.



Mrs. John Wyld

Lenore

Miss Helen Leslie-Melville, second daughter of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Ian and Mrs. Leslie-Melville, of the Manor House, Brill, Bucks., and niece of the Earl of Leven and Melville, was married in London to Captain John Wyld, Lovat Scouts, elder son of Major and Mrs. Hugh Wyld, of Essendon Close, Hatfield, Herts.



Mrs. V. W. Warren Pearl

Lenore

Miss Audrey Butler was married in New York on June 12th to Mr. V. W. Warren Pearl, second son of Colonel and Mrs. Warren Pearl, of 7, Prince's Gate, S.W.7. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Cecil Butler, of Hammerwood, Colgate, Sussex.



# Racing in Ireland

The First June Meeting at The  
Curragh, Headquarters of  
Irish Racing



*The Favourite Wins*

Mrs. Monty Slattery, whose husband is a Major in the R.A.M.C., led in the favourite, *Milady Rose*, cleverly ridden by G. Wells, to win the 1,000 Guineas by a short head from Mr. C. Brabazon's *Boudoir*, Mr. W. J. Mitchell's unfancied *First Bloom* finishing third. *Milady Rose* is owned by Mr. Fred Myerscough, Mrs. Slattery's father, a very well-known Irish owner and breeder

(Right) Miss Rolline and Miss Eva McMorrough-Kavanagh, two daughters of Major and Mrs. McMorrough-Kavanagh of Borris House, Co. Carlow, were some of the young members assembled at The Curragh to see the Irish 1,000 Guineas. Their elder sister, Joane, married the Marquess of Kildare, son and heir of the Duke of Leinster, in 1936, and lives at Ballyragget House, Co. Kilkenny



*Young Racing Enthusiasts*



*A Newly Married Couple*

Major Dermot McCalmont, M.C., M.F.H., took his bride to see what was one of the most thrilling 1,000 Guineas seen for many years. Major and Mrs. McCalmont, who were married three months ago, live at Mount Juliet, Thomastown, Co. Kilkenny. He is the millionaire Master of the Kilkenny Hounds, a famous owner and breeder of horses; his wife, formerly Miss June Nickalls, is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. P. W. Nickalls of Ridgeway, Rugby



*Some Spectators*

Lady Carew, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lauderdale, was snapped with Lady Athlumney on the way to the paddock. Lord Carew has rejoined his old regiment, the D.C.L.I. Their home, Castletown House, Celbridge, Co. Kildare, is the largest country house in Ireland. Lady Athlumney, an Australian, widow of Lord Athlumney, Provost Marshal in London during the last war, has been nursing for the Red Cross in London

*Horse and Hound Experts*



(Right) Captain J. A. Vernon, M.C. (late South Irish Horse), knows all there is to know about bloodstock. He presides over Goff's, the Tattersalls of Ireland. With him is Mrs. Lennox Livingstone-Learmonth, who acted as Joint-Master of the Duhallow Hounds in Co. Cork after her husband resigned. She has registered her own racing colours in Ireland and had several wins



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

**A**N attractive and well-bred way to solve the civilian petrol problem and simultaneously to relieve shipping was suggested the other day by an engineer, namely a return to the electric road traction of the early days of motoring.

The Edwardian electric brougham, as your Great-Uncle Joseph may have told you, truthfully for once, was a charming spectacle as it swept glossily through a sunnier and more flowery Mayfair, a footman perched on high by the side of the top-hatted chauffeur at his steering-wheel, and a veiled, lorgnetted duchess or two inside. It was dignified, silent, graceful and discreet, and, if a fever for speed suddenly attacked its elegant occupants, could do at least forty on the straight. Unlike the steam-car of the same period—the Lanchester, for example—it never spat boiling water in vicious mood or suddenly lay down to die, thereby affording Rudyard Kipling material for one or two rather noisy stories; and unlike the early petrol car, it never chuffed, rattled, or stank, like a Lucerne tripper. It combined breeding, spirituality, and opulence like an Elgar symphony, and is almost equally symbolic.

## Aspiration

**W**E'VE often thought what a boon an electrically-driven car would have been to the Muse of Kipling (whose fan we doggedly are). That rather forced uproariousness over rather small jokes—compare *Brugglesmith*, the world's most tedious bit of fun, barring Wells's *Outline of History*—could never have been encouraged by a machine of such ton. Let's have electricity back for

good, and watch the post-war road-yahoo turn slowly civilised.

## Show-off

**T**HAT relic of La Pompadour sold at Sotheby's the other day, a copy of Tasso bound in opulent French red morocco, gilt, with her arms—did she ever open it?—is characteristic. Like La Dubarry, that blowsy sweetheart had a profiteer's taste in bindings. Marie-Antoinette's books in the same library at Versailles are very simply bound in calf, with a neat crown and initials. Thus is the patrician enabled to put the parvenue in her place (if she had one, as Lady Oxford remarked on a celebrated occasion).

Belonging to an age which guts mellow old calf volumes, beautifully tooled, to make cigarette-boxes, one probably has little right to heave a halfbrick at La Pompadour, who didn't murder books. Moreover, a little discreet foppery over books you really care about is never out of place. Humbert Wolfe went in for white vellum, for example; it isn't our own tea, but it's decorative and does no harm, though Zaehnsdorf and other modern bookbinding artists could produce something better at the price, no doubt.

What really hurts is over-gilt morocco, and *grandes cocottes* and the very rich don't even stop there, unfortunately. We once saw a row of books, belonging to a millionaire, bound in the Byzantine manner in ivory and brocaded velvet of various colours, all over whacking great jewels, probably false.



"We have in the studio a Mr. and Mrs. J. Spratt who have devised a system of economy with the meat ration"

The Byzantines were a vulgar people, we conclude: too blatant, too dressy, too restless, too cruel, too hooked in the nose, too fond of noisy spectacles, too everything. We often think they'd have adored Brighton.

## Jape

**M**R. HAROLD NICOLSON, M.P., whom our old fellow-hack "Beachcomber" wants boiled down to make syrup—a curious desire, persistent and very shrilly expressed—remarked in whimsy mood recently that Bradshaw's style expresses clarity, simplicity, and care: which is the first Bradshaw jape we've come across for some time.

Most people stopped making jokes about Bradshaw and his guide, so far as we can discover, in the decadent or Yellow Book period. The preceding Victorians otherwise took their railways glumly, despite the *Punch* boys or because of the *Punch* boys (or even with the *Punch* boys). By the 1900's one of the wild poets in Chesterton's *Man Who Was Thursday* was lifting Bradshaw to a higher philosophical plane as the historian of man's victory over Chaos. Later, Bradshaw formed Zuleika Dobson's library. Sporadic Bradshaw jests continued to crop up wistfully here and there till at length, about 1914, Time, the great healer, brought popped oblivion. Now Mr. Nicolson has started the business all over again and one hardly knows where to look.

The French, whose Indicateur Chaix is (or was, alas) five times as tall as Bradshaw, one-twentieth as thick, and twice as abstruse, have never made fun of it to speak of, though on equally long-established, irritating complications, such as cuckoldry, their jokes are legion. Probably if such things ever happened in this country we'd think them funny too, though losing trains has, of course, a serious side as well.

## Point

**N**INETY-NINE-POINT-NINE-NINE PER CENT. of the French are anti-German and 80 per cent. are strongly pro-British, according to a *Daily Telegraph* report which bears all the marks of verity. Of the non-pro-British 20 per cent. (it adds) an infinitesimal proportion of careerists are playing Germany's game, and the remainder, including "some of the best and most courageous elements of the



"Would you be prepared to lease and lend, Bill?"



French nation," hold back because they fear Britain and America will impose the old Third Republic gang on France again after the war.

This is a point nobody else has raised as yet, outside the *Weekly Review*, and in our unfortunate view it is important. Anglo-Saxon babblers about "democracy" (undefined) forget that it often means something rather different from Paradise abroad, namely wholesale graft, corruption, racketeering, anti-religious venom, the tyranny of the Grand Orient and allied lodges (which, as anybody knows who has lived in France, exercised power in the remotest villages) and huge national financial scandals at regular intervals, from Panama to Mme. Hanaud and Stavisky.

The best type of French patriot, even when strongly Republican in sympathy, doesn't want a régime of crooks and grafters back again, and maybe, he's right.

#### Afterthought

EXCEPT that it would be rather a dastardly trick, somebody in authority ought to insist that whenever a speaker in the Anglo-Saxon countries, so called, gives tongue about democracy he should clearly define it beforehand; but as the Island Race would rather have all its teeth out than be put to the mental torture of defining anything clearly, we wouldn't press the point. Thanking you one and all.

#### Wow

GAMELY refusing to be beaten by Life, which is so much more crudely exciting, the film boys are going to make a picture featuring Hess and his captor *malgré lui*, the Scottish shepherd.

There are only two ways, in our experience, to make a Hess film which will not seem an anticlimax. The first is to do it in Technicolor, with lashings of Highland scenery, stags, sunsets, ghillies, plaids, clachans, pibrochs, weans, claymores, and what-not in those violent primary tints which metagabolise the populace and enable Hollywood and its imitators to put over practically anything they like. Singing and dancing could be added and even more. What's your angle, Izzy? Well Joe my angle is it's like this, mind I'm only thinking aloud; see, my angle is this shepherd he's doing his stuff early on, see, and maybe he goes to sleep on the hill and maybe he wakes up and he sees a big guy in a kilt waving a sword or sumpthing and giving him the once-over and he says who the hell are you and the guy says me, I'm Bonnie King Charlie, and all the time this shepherd he's dreaming it, see, *flashback*, see, Jeannette MacDonald and all that old-time stuff, Maybe I mean Flora. Well Joe what's your angle on Izzy's angle? Well Alf my angle is I think it's a lousy angle.

The other way is to handle it as Serious Ro-mance and, supply a little winsome Scottish blonde for whose love Hess has Dared All, having first tried to blow up Berchtesgaden, kidnap Hitler, and sink the German Fleet. If the bare idea makes you sick it's probably a smash-hit.

#### Call

FAINTLY priggish though they can't help being, those little didactic heart-to-heart dialogues in the National Savings Committee advertisements probably touch many a spendthrift proletarian heart. The experts responsible haven't worked round to the middle and upper classes yet, and it will be interesting to see how they handle a couple of Mayfair hostesses chatting over a cocktail and beginning, say:

MRS. A: I see Lord Henry's chucking his weight about a bit. I expect he's not used to all that money he makes in the Army.

LADY B: The dirty dog, I said to him yesterday, "Suppose you cut out a few of those dinner-parties at the Savoy," I said, "and put a bit more into War Savings. Why," I said to him (etc., etc.).

The academic world, again, is a rich untapped lode, as a chat between the Master of Belial and a virtuous philosophy don might show:

DON: Well, Master, I see our new Fellow's going the pace.

MASTER: Drunk again? How annoying.

DON: Dope, I believe.

MASTER: Why can't he save the dough he spends in those Chink joints and put it into (etc., etc.).

And so on. The point being that however fantastic such dialogues were, they could never be so fantastic, or so humiliating, as those ads. showing members of H.M. Forces pleading with the populace to rally round like good sorts.

#### Revolt

ARCHAEOLOGISTS are such delightful chaps, in their rugged way, that we couldn't help sympathising with one of them who was mourning to us the other day about

having nowhere left to dig; or rather, to be dug for, by huge mobs of serfs employed for that purpose.

On the other hand, archæologists are to some extent responsible for that long-brewing revolt of Mother Earth against mankind to which most modern economic ills and class-warfare are due, as somebody has soundly remarked; not so responsible, perhaps, as coalowners and oil and goldmine corporations, who defile and gash and wound and scarify the earth in pure get-rich-quick greed instead of being content with growing food, but still sharing some of the blame. It's our own further theory that Mother Earth, who loves to see uncouth hairy rustic characters digging spades into her kind ample bosom, exchanging cracks in barely intelligible dialects, grinds her teeth and heaves with rage when the odious industrial boys and City go-getters come along with their bores and derricks. She doesn't mind archæologists quite so much—for one thing, their discoveries regularly make fools of bouncing scientists—but they defeat her attempts to make bygones bygones and cover up old follies decently with a thick green coverlet, and are therefore a nuisance.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"What d'yer mean—Hitler's normal? Blimey, 'e's the sort of bloke if yer turned the light out 'e'd shine in the dark"



# War Pictures in America

Lord Halifax Opened  
the Exhibition in  
New York

Since January, paintings and drawings by British war artists have been crossing the Atlantic by boat and Clipper. A few weeks ago the whole 300, every one of which had arrived safely, were put on show at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Lord Halifax, the British Ambassador, opened the exhibition, which has been titled "Britain at War." And now all New York is crowding to see what the war looks like to artists who have lived and worked in the middle of it—with the Army, Navy and Air Force, with the Civil Defence Services, and among the civilians and their bombed homes. What they are seeing we have already seen over here, at the National Gallery in London and wherever the Ministry of Information has sent its travelling exhibitions of war pictures, of which the New York show is the largest



The British Ambassador, subconsciously self-conscious about the set of his tie, examines Evelyn Dunbar's get-ready-for-a-gas-attack series



Quite a crowd gazes at Richard Eurich's picture of Dunkirk



With Lord Halifax are John Hay (Jock) Whitney, president of the Museum of Modern Art, and Nelson Rockefeller, former President of the Museum, and now co-ordinator of cultural relations between the Americas. The pictures to the left and right are by Graham Sutherland and Paul Nash



# Letter From America

By Pamela Murray

## The A.W.V.S.

FROM Alaska to Kentucky the American Women's Voluntary Service is recruiting volunteers who will take civil defence and first aid courses; enrolling as drivers and helpers of all kinds. The organisation is being modelled on our W.V.S. of splendid reputation.

One of the first to join in Bedford County, N.Y., was Eleanor Iselin Mason, a young sculptress who studied at the R.A. and whose cousin, Miss Betty Chetwynd (sister-in-law of the TATLER's society correspondent), is nursing at a hospital in England. Having a local reputation as a horse doctor, Mrs. Mason volunteered for any war work in connection with animals.

There is no knowing what may turn up when you consider that black-outs are being practised in eastern States near the Canadian border, and water works defended from possible sabotage.

## Work and Play

ST. MORITZERS will be glad to know that Billy Clyde's decorative mother, Mrs. Alan Kyle, is working in New York for "Wings for Britain." Her daughter-in-law (Rosemary Robertson that was), who now has two babies, is helping the same cause in the country.

On her way through to Canada, where she has joined the Canadian Women's Transport Corps, Ivis Goulding (Mrs. Freddie Proctor that was) asserted the impossibility of exaggerating the selflessness of Canadian women in this war. Her brother Eddie Goulding goes on collecting for British War Relief in Hollywood, where Frank Roche, who did not leave Paris until this spring, has been visiting the Mendls, en route for Honolulu, where the Cunningham-Reid children go to school, and where Doris Duke has a property so luxurious that it reminds travellers of Cole Porter's early song—"I've a Shooting Box in Scotland and a Hacienda in Spain."

## Television Takes On

I AM afraid it must enrage and sadden former denizens of Alexandra Palace—Cecil Madden, David Wolfe Murray and clever company—to realise the war has robbed England of the

immense start she had made in television over every other country, America included.

The Metropolitan Museum and the Columbia Broadcasting System have completed their plans to televise in colour the Museum's masterpieces during the month of July. The Metropolitan's director, Mr. F. H. Taylor, thinks it "may have a perfectly incredible effect on American taste and perception," but the editors of *Esquire* do not believe it will affect their sales adversely.

## Button Off Your Overcoat

THE above was the refrain at Mrs. Worthington Grant's apartment on Park Avenue when the Overcoat Committee of British War Relief held a cocktail garden-party-cum-fashion show.

The temperature of close on ninety abetted the natural generosity of male guests; Mr. "Tony" Williams parting with a magnificent vicuna specimen, after a stirring speech by Mrs. Rex Benson, who was supported by two former members of the international set—Mrs. Gilbert Miller and Mrs. John B. Ryan.

## Robert Sherwood, Patriot

THE preface to *There Shall be No Night*, which the Lunts are going to revive in October in New York (where thousands were disappointed when the play went on tour last winter before they could see it), marks another stage in "Bob" Sherwood's development as a thinker and a patriot. I beseech you to read it and to take heart, remembering that he is one of the President's closest friends and counsellors.

Lanky "Bob," who is doing more to help us than any private citizen of the United States, has a wonderful mother of eighty-seven, a dyed-in-the-wool Republican, who feels about the name of Roosevelt as Victorian Conservatives felt at the mention of Mr. Gladstone, so when her son tried to show her a book of the President's speeches she literally shut her eyes, but was finally persuaded to read the dedication, in the Chief Executive's clear handwriting—"To Robert Emmet Sherwood, master, from Franklin Delano Roosevelt, pupil." That was as far as the old lady would let herself go.

*There Shall be No Night*, which won the Pulitzer Prize two months ago, reads almost better than it plays. The copy I am reading was lent me by Mr. Sherwood's godmother, Mrs. Lapsley, who feels with some justification that "Bob's" work will last as Bernard Shaw's has lasted, because he tackles real problems, not psycho-analysis in teacups.

## At "Major Barbara"

"SUCH good lines," said the woman behind us, who had evidently not heard that Mr. Shaw was noted for dialogue B.H. (before Hollywood). The Astor movie house is packed from morn till midnight, the reception intensely appreciative. Indeed, the critics were far kinder than the London critics. New York likes *Major Barbara* even better than *Pygmalion*, and believe me Bernard Shaw's personal prologue is the best propaganda ever thrown on the American screen; coming from an Irishman it carries incalculable weight with those who are not altogether in love with the British Empire. The great man's sincerity, wit, charm and intellectual courage come over so vividly that it takes the audience several minutes to recover.

With us was "Cholly Knickerbocker" (Mr. Maury Paul), the much-dreaded social columnist who is not particularly well-disposed towards British refugees in general, and who works faithfully for Mr. William Randolph Hearst, never one of the Empire's closest chums. His reaction was whole-hearted admiration for Shaw, the cast, the story, Wendy Hiller, and everything typically British therein. He would like to have seen Leslie Howard in the Rex Harrison part, but who wouldn't?

## Buckmaster at Monte Carlo

A FEW years ago this heading in the *Continental Daily Mail* would have meant that "Buck" had descended on the Beach Hotel. Now it refers to his son (who has his mother's bone structure), the leading artist at Fefe Ferry's Monte Carlo, New York's most expensive nitery. John does quite amusing monologues, and introduces the girls in a bogus strip-tease.

Rich people at key tables included the Cornelius Dresselhuys, who really work for Holland and for England, and really enjoy going out together; and the Paul Dubonnetts and Dan Sickles, the latter four formerly at Bagatelle, Paris. Count von Haugwitz-Reventlow with Beth Leary; Brenda Diana Frazier with a new hair-do; Mrs. Scott-Callingham, whose son is soldiering in England, and Lady Garthwaite, whose husband is "goodwilling" in Brazil, made your correspondent think the clock had stopped.



Mrs. Cornelius Dresselhuys was with the famous columnist, "Cholly Knickerbocker," Mr. Maury Paul. Her husband is in charge of the Netherlands shipping headquarters in the U.S.A.



Young journalists who went racing together were Miss Dana Jenny, fashion editress of the New York journal "American," and the woman editor, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Junior



Miss Sonia Converse now works at the "stamp shop" in New York, where old stamps by the ten thousand are collected and sold in aid of Refugees of England, Inc.

At Belmont Park Races, the Longchamps of New York





The Director of the W.R.N.S. is Mrs. V. Laughton Matthews, whose rank is equivalent to that of a Commodore 1st Class of the Royal Navy. She was a Wren officer in the last war



Chief Officer the Marchioness of Cholmondeley, who is Staff Officer, is with Deputy Director E. M. Goodenough. Before the war Miss Goodenough was chief woman officer of the Admiralty staff



Second Officer Lady Carter interviews a recruit on the right

## The W.R.N.S.

At Their London Headquarters  
In Great Smith Street



Chief Wren Rossiter is in charge of the H.Q. register. She was the first rating to be enrolled (August 3rd, 1939), so is Wren No. 1



Wren Moffat is lay-out clerk in the Press Department at headquarters. As a specialist she is doing war work which is no interruption, from the technical point of view, of her career



Wrens Howell, Rees and Moss handle the card-index filing system. All secretaries, typists, clerks, bookkeepers wear the star-and-W badge of a Wren Writer on their right sleeves. Most clerical work at naval shore establishments is now being done by the W.R.N.S.





Chief Officer Osborne is Chief of Administration on the W.R.N.S. headquarters staff



First Officer Hardy is in charge of the Applications Department. Opposite her works Second Officer Kemp, who is on special duty, and is here dictating to Wren Writer Parry

Surgeon-Lieut. Mrs. A. G. Rewcastle, R.N.V.R., is the Medical Superintendent of the W.R.N.S. With her on the right is Sister King, Q.A.R.N.N.S.



Superintendent J. M. Woolcombe is the officer in charge of personnel. Her secretary, seen with her below, is Leading Wren Writer Benton



First Officer Samuel is in charge of welfare, quarters, and recreation. Taking her dictation, on left, is Wren Writer Walker

First Officer Stubbs (seated, below) and Second Officer Henderson look after clothing for the W.R.N.S.





# "Rise Above It"

Scenes From This Snappy and Happy Revue



Carole Lynne, pretending she doesn't know the meaning of the word, sings a song called "Oomph." She gives a lightning impersonation of Frances Day, and has dimples just like the d'lovely



Eric Micklewood and Carole Lynne provide some charming duets. Here they are singing "This Heart of Mine," one of the new numbers by Manning Sherwin, composer of, amongst others, "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square." Another of their duets is the song title of the revue, "Rise Above It"



Hermione Baddeley and Walter Crisham play Cho Cho San and Pinkerton in the skit on *Madam Butterfly* written by Dennis Waldo entitled "Butterfly in the Rain." After unavailing efforts to keep her sailor-lover, he goes off to join his wife, whereat Cho Cho San quickly turns to her window and switches on the red light again

Hermione Gingold sings "I Like a Bit of Ballet With My Lunch," a biting and clever piece of satire about a gawky and illiterate typist who finds ballet with her lunch is like the cream in her coffee or the Heinz with her beans

Photographs by  
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Hermione Baddeley and Walter Crisham in "Boliviana" give a perfect burlesque of a couple of wild Spanish acrobatic dancers. Hermione is flung about mercilessly and nearly crushed to death by her frenzied partner. Everything is exaggerated and extravagant, including Walter Crisham's neat little sombrero





Prudence Hyman dances to the melody of "This Heart of Mine" with Walter Crisham, described by one critic as a "sinister electric eel," and Natasha Sokolova. Prudence Hyman, dark and dainty, also appears with Walter Crisham in "Winter," the most artistic scene in the revue (see extreme right, below)

Henry Kendall, in tremendous form throughout the show, is here a sentimental old lady who has just said good-bye to a young couple after their wedding. He sings a rhapsody, "It's Lovely Anywhere," an uproar of a song, in reality about a cup of tea, which is not at all what the audience imagined



"The Queeries" maliciously attributed by Wilfred Hyde-White to E.N.S.A. activities, is an absurd concert party burlesque. Hermione Baddeley soprano, sings "Because," that popular old-timer, with Walter Crisham tenor. Hermione Gingold accompanies them in great style, Henry Kendall standing by



Virginia Winter, wife of Leslie Julian-Jones, writer of the revue, sings a dramatic but rather dreary tough number called "Truth," composed by her husband. She does really good comic work in the concert-party skit

Walter Crisham and Prudence Hyman in "Winter"



Hermione Gingold is equally at home as a lady of the water-front ramping an American sailor lad (Walter Crisham) out for adventure, in another snappy song by Manning Sherwin, "How's About It?" This is yet one more good number out of a very amusing and witty revue





# With Silent Friends

By Richard King

## Lively and Interesting

I BELONG alas! to a generation which was only just ceasing to regard life not only in deadly seriousness, but grimly. Not so grimly, of course, as the Victorians, but definitely as a kind of "divine" cross which we all inherited, willy-nilly, as part of the Christian faith. No wonder it has taken most of us about fifty years to lose our fear of it. How I remember those awful disgraces which used to haunt those who came anywhere near the brink. The disgrace of poverty, of bankruptcy, of illegitimacy, of radical politics, of not being well-dressed, of not knowing the right people, of being whispered about. It used to take us all our time to find carefree happiness in between these pitfalls which beset our path; the failure to avoid which might not have earned eternal damnation, but certainly earned a worldly one.

I can remember when it was almost an implied disgrace to be young. Now I often wonder if really my elders and betters then talked the same utter twaddle as most of my contemporaries do now! Or were quite such mildewed adolescents as these at present appear. If so, there is something to be said after all for a memory which is like a sieve. Consequently, in order to avoid, if humanly possible, all the disgraces which lay around us, or possibly ahead, we used to treat life like a most awful schoolmaster, in fear of whom one spent most of the sunny hours of

existence haunted by the dread that when testing time came we should fizzle the exams. Nowadays, young people seem to have lost much of the old awed respect for Life as a fearful and divine trial; while as for having any respect for their elders merely because they happen to be older, they would probably giggle at the idea. Which, in my own opinion, is a vast and worthy development.

Could I have my time over again my working philosophy would be to make friends with Life, with circumstances whatever they might be, and with God Himself. That seems to me the only way you can face up to any of them and still laugh and enjoy yourself. Once let any of them get you down, so to speak, and you might as well be dead. For Life, after all, is a period either of a grim and tragic joke, or it is exciting fun. And circumstances, whatever they may be, can always provide the most thrilling and even amusing experiences. While if the thought of God doesn't make you human and understanding and cheerful, something is very wrong with that thought. Anyway, it seems to me that cheerfulness, far more than cleanliness, is next to God. That is why kindly, lively people have far more influence than the earnest and the so-called holy.

Maybe eagerness and liveliness and a sense of humour are the result of some mysterious bio-chemical combination, but, all the same, let me inherit them as a natural "present"

rather than a gift of a million texts. To live with anyway or to meet and to make friends with and to read about. Well, you will find all these qualities in a book called *Our Arabian Nights* (Robert Hale; 12s. 6d.) by those delightful American twins, Ruth and Helen Hoffman, authors of *We Married an Englishman*.

## Housekeeping in Iraq

THE publisher, according to his "blurb" inside the outside cover, seems more impressed by the fact that these two delightful American women lived for a period in a harem—twins at that. This part of the book is certainly most interesting, though actually the harem of Sheik Fulan, paramount chieftain of the powerful Sumer tribes, was a "travelling one"—the ladies living in tents. Which must be much nicer to live in than the enclosed variety. But the life of a conventional harem went on even under canvas, and although the "wives" were only three in number they were representative of the harem outlook. It often seems to me that the harem system should answer very well in the Western hemisphere, since it would deal with the marauding type of man-hunter very effectively and, incidentally, there are quite a number of women running about full of sex and foolishness and little else who should fit into the scheme quite naturally. But that, of course, will never come to pass.

In the meanwhile it is interesting to read of the kind of life which goes on in an Eastern harem, especially as observed from the Western standard of "civilisation." And Ruth and Helen Hoffman are very observant indeed. But they are also very tolerant and ready to accept anything and anyone, just as they happen to be, as part of the thrilling variety of life. Which, incidentally, seems to me to be the only way to treat life at all, since, unless it tries to dominate the lives of others, it is purely an individual affair.

(Concluded on page 470)



Nurseries

Mr. Ernest Brown, the Minister of Health, recently saw at the Royal Institute of British Architects an exhibition of plans and models of nursery schools showing how quickly and cheaply these badly-wanted places can be built. With him is Lady Allen of Hurtwood, who gives much of her time to evacuee-welfare problems. The nursery school they are studying was designed by Miss Judith Ledeboer and can be built in three days. One example of it has already been constructed at Guildford



Needlework

Mr. J. O. M. Clark, Lady Smith-Dorrien, Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill and Lord Ebbisham were photographed at the Royal School of Needlework after the meeting at which a new "Needlework in Wartime" scheme was announced by Lady Smith-Dorrien, the School's principal. This is a series of correspondence courses in all sorts of needlework subjects: mending, darning and patching, lingerie-making, dressmaking, church work, embroidery are a few of them. Women in the Services get coupon-free materials for their lessons



## The P.R.A. at Work

Sir Edwin Lutyens, K.C.I.E.,  
in His Mansfield Street Office

In spite of bomb-blast, seventy-year-old Sir Edwin Lutyens is still at his architectural post in Mansfield Street. Most of his work there nowadays is connected with war work for the Government and reconstruction plans for the future. He is architectural consultant to the Ministry of Transport for London highway development. Since 1938 he has been President of the Royal Academy, and this too brings him war work, since the Academy has a planning committee to study problems of reconstruction. In connection with this, Sir Edwin recently wrote: "As to the design of new buildings, this need not be an imitation of the old, and it must not be wilfully new, but an ordered development in our native tradition with which we are so richly endowed"—words which might well stand for the principles which have inspired Sir Edwin himself during the long career that has made him the best-known British architect of his day. His work has included every type of building: the Metropolitan Cathedral of Liverpool, Government House at Delhi, the Cenotaph, war memorials in South Africa, Ceylon, Dublin, Hong Kong, the British Embassy in Washington, Hampton Court Bridge, banks, offices, schools, and the innumerable private houses and gardens which have made his style familiar to country dwellers all over England. Sir Edwin Lutyens married the Earl of Lytton's younger sister in 1897, and has one son and four daughters, of whom the two eldest are Mrs. Euan Wallace and Viscountess Ridley

*Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick*



The Metropolitan Cathedral of Liverpool is one of Sir Edwin Lutyens' greatest designs. Above he stands beside a model segment of it. The building itself, so far undamaged in air raids, has reached the stage of an almost completed crypt

Plans, plans, and more plans fill an architect's daily horizon. On the left Sir Edwin, whose pipe is known wherever he is known, leads a fellow-architect and pipe-smoker, Mr. Gordon Jeeves, around a street map



## With Silent Friends

(Continued)

All the same, the parts of the book which I enjoyed most of all (and I thoroughly enjoyed every chapter) dealt with house-keeping in Iraq and how the writers found a house, furnished it, lived in it, and, in spite of its problems and inconveniences, found the experience exciting as well as entertaining. But that is such a delightful quality the book possesses—it turns difficulties into fun and except when, towards the end, there are hints of political unrest, with the German menace rumbling in the background, it is as lively as a lively holiday.

### Animals in the Home

UNLIKE too many travel-books, one seems to get to know the authors of this one and to want to know them better still. So let us hope there will one day be a sequel. With affairs as they are now in Iraq there should be matter enough, surely! In the meanwhile, who wouldn't be pleased to meet two American girls whose big domestic problem was not how to create a house-beautiful—and this one they must have made very charming and comfortable—but how to deal successfully with such intimate members of the family as a wild boar, some peacocks, some ducks, a few cats and dogs, a stork, a gazelle, some cageless birds; to say nothing of the prospect any day of other arrivals, if they met an animal being ill-treated or otherwise looking extremely sorry for itself, on their shopping excursions. It must have been great fun, always providing you were a real animal-lover, to share the same sofa with a peacock or be the apple-of-his-eye in the affection of a tame boar. Certainly it must have been an unconventional household—that's the nicest kind of household anyway—but the Hoffman twins must surely have cut out the sillier stricter conventions from childhood.

Still, in case you may imagine that this is all a book of readable entertainment, let me add that it includes a graphic description of a tribal blood feud, amusing descriptions of

society in Bagdad, and a first-hand account of the Arab riots which followed the sudden death of King Ghazi and resulted in the death by murder of the British Consul.

### Managing Women

How often one observes that the man who separates from his wife by divorce because she is definitely not his type marries again the same kind of woman, and once more regrets it. It is as if their "cross" pursued some people all their lives, no matter how they dodged it, or hid, or went out of their way to avoid carrying it. There is something of this idea in Mr. Simon Dewes' new novel: *Cul de Sac* (Rich and Cowan; 7s. 6d.). Unfortunately, he hasn't been quite expert enough to rise to the occasion; consequently, we have a good story which does not quite carry conviction. Also it lacks much shrewdness of observation into human nature and so it is poor in wit. Nevertheless, it has a good theme and it is fairly well told.

The hero is a novelist, very happy when poor in a Bloomsbury flat, but miserable when successful and married to a woman who regards him more as a career for herself than her beloved. She is a climber and her husband's success and fame is merely a ladder in that ascent. So from pleasant squalor in Bloomsbury she carries him off to the West End and to luxury. She even decides that he must enter Parliament. But by this time Michael is fed up with the fact of being managed and directed and exploited. He rebels at last, runs away, and long before he has had time to find himself again and think out the kind of life which would make him happy, he falls in love with a girl. With her he elopes, pursued by Clare his wife, who is killed, however, when she drives her car over a cliff. Thereupon Michael marries the girl, only to discover that he is being managed as before, with his way of life all mapped out for him again. One doesn't feel very sorry for Michael all the same. He was born to be "managed"—or, alternatively, to live quite alone. Lots of men are like that. There is no middle way.

As character-studies, however, Mr. Dewes is far more successful with his two women than with his hero. They, at least, are

definite. Michael doesn't seem to know either himself or his own mind for two chapters together. No wonder he could never quite bring off a real fight, except by running away; or more unwise still, only yearning, yet always drifting. Still, *Cul de Sac* is quite a good story to read.

### Turreted Background

As a background to Alice Duer Miller's *Not for Love* (Methuen; 7s. 6d.) we have a real stage-property castle as a romantic and awesome background to a somewhat stage-property plot. In *Ye Ancient Tradition* it is perched on a high rock, where it stands in dilapidated splendour almost inaccessible except to those familiar with its entrance. And it belongs to the Prince of Rocalta, who is poor but proud. He has fallen deeply in love, however, with Eugenia, a lovely American girl possessed of millions. She was in love alas! with another man, who had let her down rather badly. So what was she to do except to accept the Prince's proposal? Though she despised him for wanting, as she thought, to marry her for her money. Nevertheless it would distract her from her trouble if she became a Princess and with her wealth restored to their original beauty the property and estates of her husband.

But there is a wicked "witch" in the background and she is Eugenia's mother. This mother pretended to her daughter that the Prince had accepted the conditions of marriage as laid down by herself; which was to the effect that it was to be a marriage in name only. So Eugenia married the Prince and when they both realised that they had been tricked, there was trouble enough and to spare. New situations embrace a crook, and several minor crimes, as well as the return of the man to whom Eugenia still imagined herself to be devoted. A real crisis arrives when all of them are locked up in a tower from which apparently there is no escape.

However, it all ends happily and, although you may think that the plot is a trifle machine-made, the lively, amusing way in which the story is told easily compensates for that. Miss Miller seems to enjoy telling it and her enjoyment is infectious.



Actor's Son Married

Mr. Anthony Nelson Keys, second son of the late Mr. Nelson Keys (affectionately remembered on the stage as "Bunch" Keys) and of Mrs. Hazel Nelson Keys, was married at Little Stanmore Parish Church to Miss Joan Marie de Bloeme, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. J. de Bloeme of London and The Hague. It will be noticed that the bridegroom closely resembles his father



New Film Star's Wedding

Mr. Peter Murray Hill, the actor, who was educated at Westminster and Cambridge and is now a full-time policeman, was married at Christ Church, Chelsea, to Miss Phyllis Calvert. They met when acting at the "Q" Theatre. Phyllis Calvert has sprung into fame for her exquisite performance in the film version of H. G. Wells's novel, "Kipps"



# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"  
Review of Weddings



Wilson—Radcliffe

Sec.-Lieut. Charles William Munro Wilson, Irish Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson, of Gauls Croft, Ugley, Essex; and Gwendoline Kate Radcliffe, daughter of the late Donald S. Radcliffe, and Mrs. Radcliffe, of Ballaradcliffe, Andreas, Isle of Man, were married at St. George's, Hanover Sq.



Dorothy Wilding

Mrs. Burnell-Nugent

Gian (Bunty) Alexander, daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. C. O. Alexander, of Trevol House, Torpoint, Cornwall, was married at Torpoint Parish Church to Lieut.-Com. Anthony Burnell-Nugent, D.S.C., R.N., only son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Burnell-Nugent, of the Old Brewery House, Kingsclere, Newbury, Berks. He was in command of the destroyer H.M.S. Jersey, which was recently reported sunk by an enemy mine



Airey—Dunkley

Captain George W. E. Airey, R.A., only son of Sir Edwin and Lady Airey, of Oakwood Grange, Leeds, was married at St. Peter's, Caversham, to Violet Pamela Dunkley, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Dunkley, of Bar Close, Caversham, Berks.



Perceval—Pearce

Sec.-Lieutenant John Francis George Perceval, Irish Guards, and Diana Madeleine Pearce were married at Nutfield Church. His parents are Major and Mrs. Perceval, of Temple House, Ballymote, Co. Sligo. Hers are Lieut.-Commander V. W. Pearce, R.N., and Mrs. Pearce, of Kentwyns Cottage, Nutfield, Sussex



Barber—Combe

Capt. Robert Heberden Barber, Northamptonshire Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Barber, of Beacon Hill House, Hucknall, and Salruck, Leenane, Co. Galway, and Eileen Mary Louisa Combe, only child of Capt. Harvey Combe, of Oatlands Park, Battle, Sussex, and grand-daughter of Mrs. Brabazon Combe, were married at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road



Wilson—Blois

D. Ian Wilson, of Lickfold House, Lodswoth, Sussex, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Wilson, of Marne Lodge, Roehampton Vale, S.W.15, and Margaret Elaine Blois, daughter of the Rev. Gervase and the Hon. Mrs. Blois, of Hanbury Rectory, Worcs., and niece of Lord Hampton, were married at Hanbury Parish Church by the bride's father

(Concluded on page 474)



# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## G.R.s and the Derby

THE only other gentleman rider besides the late Sir George Thursby, who had a ride in the Derby, was "Little Bartley," founder, as I believe, of the famous firm of bootmakers, especially of boots of the hunting kind. He rode his own horse, Pegasus, in the Derby of 1837, which was won by Lord Berners' Phosphorus. There were seventeen starters, and though I have no record of much value, the one that I have says that "Mr. Bartley was heartily complimented by the other jockeys upon his workmanlike performance." Like Sir George Thursby, he was a very light weight.

Sir George finished second on the late Sir John Thursby's John o' Gaunt in the race of 1904, which was won by three lengths by St. Amant, ridden by Kemmy Cannon and owned by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild; and he was second again in 1906 on Mr. J. L. Dugdale's Picton, the winner being Major Eustace Loder's Spearmint, ridden by Danny Maher, then at the absolute peak of his form. Danny had ridden the previous year's winner, Lord Rosebery's Cicero.

"Little Bartley," like Sir George Thursby, who was for many years Master of the New Forest Buckhounds, was said to go very well out hunting and to be a very neat horseman, besides being a pretty good jockey—a horseman and a jockey not being quite the same thing in many cases.

## "His Majesty's Jollies"

CRETE having added another page of deathless history to the record of the Sea Regiment, I feel that it may be

interesting to the lay public to place on record how nearly the great work of Admiral Lord Anson, the officer who first placed the R.M. on their legs as a separate entity, was undone by a thing called the Selborne-Fisher scheme in 1902. The scheme aimed at making every officer connected with the Royal Navy a Jack-of-all-Trades.

For instance, the Royal Marines, who had then for considerably more than a century been considered as a branch—a very important branch—of the Navy, were coolly told that they were no longer to have their own officers, but would get instead a species of Pooh-Bah, a man who was to be one-third seaman, one-third engineer and one-third soldier, and who was to be lent to them for a not very clearly specified period. The



Fishermen Three

A useful day on the East Haugh water of the Tummel in Perthshire produced these fine salmon. They weighed 23, 21½, 19 and 18 lbs., and two of lesser degree. Those responsible were Macnaughton, the ghillie, Major H. Trevor, and Captain S. L. Trevor, of the Manor House, Emberton, Olney

then Lord Goschen, a former First Lord, said in the House of Lords: "The Marines were heart-broken," as well they might have been, for it was probably the most gratuitous and undeserved insult ever offered to a highly-disciplined and eminently efficient body of troops.

Anyway, this Jack-of-all-Trades scheme did not go through, and His Majesty's Jollies remained in the same status as they were placed by that other First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Anson, in 1751, i.e., under control of the Admiralty, commanded by their own officers without any interference from the Army *per mare per terram*. Kipling, with that abuse of poetic licence of which he was sometimes guilty, called the Marine "a kind of giddy harumfrodite; soldier and sailor too!"

That did not matter much, for the world knew and has had this recent reason to remember exactly what it is for which the great Sea Regiment stands.

## "The Horse Marines"

THE only regiment in the British Army which can lay claim to this proud sub-title is the 17th Lancers, a detachment of which in 1795 was taken off its horses and



Tennis Players' Romance

Owen Anderson, the American tennis star, and Rita Jarvis, the English International, have been married in the United States. They met when Owen Anderson was in Europe on a sight-seeing and tennis tour four years ago. In 1939 they won many mixed doubles together

put aboard the frigate H.M.S. Hermione to act as marines because there was a temporary shortage of the real article.

Ever since then, for some reason which I feel is well known to the Navy, it has been the custom to recommend anyone who may have permitted his imagination to outstrip the facts to "tell it to the Horse Marines." We know of course what sailors can do when they start out to spin a yarn, but why this devoted body of cavalry soldiers should have been considered more gullible than the rest of the world I have never yet been able to discover. Perhaps the distinguished naval member of the Brains Trust will be able to throw more light on the subject?

Whilst the 17th Lancers are the only cavalry who have served at sea, I think I am right in saying that detachments of some infantry regiments have done duty in the capacity of Marines, but I have no records by me at the moment. The Navy is a bit fond of a leg-haul at the expense of the Army and it has been said that if one seaman calls another seaman a "soldier" it is not intended as a term of endearment!

## A Notable Committee

A CORRESPONDENT who is somewhere a long way east of Suez, and who was at that Hoghunters' Dinner which was held in London on June 13th, 1929, and a note concerning which was published more or less recently in this paper, has written asking if a full list of the names of the famous committee is extant, and suggesting that, if it is, I should publish it as a relic to so many of a happy occasion. The full list is extant, and here it is. The ranks given are as they then were:

PATRON: F.M. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, K.G., P.C., K.T., K.P., G.M.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., K.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., G.B.E.  
CHAIRMAN: Lieut.-Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Bt., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., D.C.L., LL.D. (d.).

COMMITTEE: Gen. the Rt. Hon. Sir Bryan Mahon, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., D.S.O. (d.); Lieut.-Gen. Sir E. Locke Elliot, K.C.B., K.C.I.E., D.S.O. (d.); Lieut.-Gen. Sir Webb Gillman, K.C.B., K.C.M.G. (d.); Lieut.-Gen. Sir James



D. R. Stuart

## In the East Yorkshire Regiment

Colonel J. Y. Caldwell is in command of a battalion of the East Yorkshire Regiment (the Duke of York's Own). He was photographed with Captain A. J. Manktelow, formerly of the Queen's Bays, which regiment he represented in the last Inter-Regimental Competition held at Olympia before the war





### Cricketers: the Captains of the Oxford and Cambridge Elevens

E. Keith Scott, of Clifton and Lincoln, is the captain of the Oxford cricket XI, which will meet Cambridge at Lord's on June 28, for the first wartime 'Varsity match. All the gate money of this one-day game will go to the Red Cross. E. K. Scott captained the Rugger XV, last winter



D. R. Stuart

John R. Bridger, a triple Blue, of Rugby and Clare, will skipper the Cambridge XI., who are favourites, having already played against seven sides successfully this season, whereas Oxford has had no organised matches up to date. John Bridger got his Blue for lawn tennis and won his match for Cambridge on Whit Monday



Bassano

### A Trainer at Home

Pilot Officer C. F. Birch, the well-known race-horse trainer, has his stables at Ogbourne, near Marlborough. He spent some leave lately at home with his family. Here he is with his wife, formerly Miss Nancy John, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. John, and their eldest daughter, Stella

Babington, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.; Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Keir, K.C.B.; Major-Gen. H. B. Jeffreys, C.B., C.M.G.; Major-Gen. John Vaughan, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.; Major-Gen. Sir Reginald Barnes, K.C.B., D.S.O.; Major-Gen. T. T. Pitman, C.B., C.M.G. (d.); Major-Gen. Sir Percival Hambro, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G. (d.); Major-Gen. Sir Alfred Edwards, K.B.E.; Major-Gen. A. Wardrop, C.B., C.M.G.; Brig.-Gen. J. G. Rotton, C.B.; Brig.-Gen. E. A. Wiggins, D.S.O. (d.); Brig.-Gen. Sir Loftus Bates, K.C.M.G., C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O.; Brig.-Gen. W. Nevile Campbell, C.M.G., C.S.I., D.S.O. (d.); Colonel Lord Kensington, C.M.G., D.S.O. (d.); Lieut.-Col. H. E. Medicott, D.S.O.; Sir John Hewett, G.C.S.I., K.C.S.I., C.S.I., K.B.E., C.I.E.; Mr. M. M. Crawford; Mr. Claude Ismay; Captain J. S. Scott-Cockburn, M.C., 4th Hussars; Captain H.

Nugent Head, M.C., 4th Hussars; Captain J. M. Blakiston-Houston, 11th Hussars; Mr. A. S. Barrow (also Hon. Sec.).

Death, as will be observed, has thinned the ranks very considerably. The most recent casualty was Major-General Tom Pitman, 11th Hussars, and the next most recent Lieut.-General Lord Baden-Powell. Sir Bryan Mahon (8th Hussars), "The Mahout," to everyone who knew and loved him, was not well enough to come over from Ireland for the dinner, and he died not long afterwards, as also did Lieut.-General Sir E. Locke Elliot, so famous in his race-riding days as "Mr. Locke." He was also a distinguished I.G. Cavalry in

India, and once owned a big grey named "The Badger" who won the Indian Grand National at the old Tollygunge course near Calcutta.

Lieut.-General Sir Webb Gillman, a former Master of Ordnance, was also a more or less early loss, and so was Major-General Sir Percival Hambro, who was formerly in the 15th Hussars; likewise Lord Kensington, another 15th Hussar, who was a sick man at the time of that dinner, which, nevertheless, he attended. He only died in 1938.

I agree that this list is worth preserving, and I can only hope that it will bring back pleasant memories to many others besides my correspondent.



### A Battalion of the Sherwood Foresters (Notts and Derby Regt.)

D. R. Stuart

(Front) Capts. H. Holliehead, G. J. Johnson, P. J. Branstons, R. C. B. Hutchins (Adjutant), Major G. R. G. Bird, Lieut.-Colonel E. E. Sullivan-Tailyour, M.C. (Commanding Officer), Lieut.-General Sir W. Douglas S. Brownrigg, K.C.B., D.S.O. (Colonel of the Regiment), Majors H. W. H. Houghton (Second in Command), B. H. Dowson, Capts. H. C. W. M. Tulloch, J. C. B. Thompson, H. D. Walker, F. H. Sketchley. (Centre) 2nd Lieuts. E. G. Peters, R. E. Moore, C. A. Lord, C. R. Hibbs, Capt. W. G. M. Dixon, Lieut. (Q.M.) J. F. Hallam, M.C., Capts. E. L. O. Hood (R.A.M.C.), the Rev. J. Wakefield (R.A.Ch.D.), 2nd Lieut. B. N. R. Elder, Lieut. M. J. Fox, Capts. M. F. R. Kirk, G. E. Dodd, P. G. M. Litton, 2nd Lieut. J. A. Brown. (Back) 2nd Lieuts. R. W. Friend, F. G. Reekie, T. W. Stubbs, W. Way, A. D. Pinnington, J. R. Bennett, P. P. L. Read, A. D. Portrait, C. A. Barnes, A. K. Black, G. M. B. H. Moore



# Getting Married (Continued)



**Adams—Lewis**

Hugh Adams, Seaforth Highlanders of Canada, son of the Rev. Henry T. and Mrs. Adams, of Silchester Rectory, near Reading, and Violet Lewis, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. Lewis, of Swansea, were married at St. Mary's, Silchester, by the bridegroom's father



**Rodwell—Brunt**

Captain P. F. (Jim) Rodwell and Barbara Brunt were married at Knutsford Parish Church. He is the elder son of Major and Mrs. F. J. Rodwell, of Halesworth, Suffolk. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Brunt, of Sudlow, Knutsford, Cheshire



**Carter—Dewing**

Lieut. Louis Frederick Carter, King's Royal Irish Hussars, son of W. N. Carter, of Cape Town, and Jean Purvis Dewing, daughter of the late Lt. Col. and Mrs. R. E. Dewing, and niece of Major-Gen. and Mrs. R. H. Dewing, of Crossways, Binfield, Berks, were married at All Saints, Binfield



**Barr—Macouat**

Lieut. Allison Lyle Barr, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. James Barr, of Ranfurly House, Bridge of Weir, Renfrewshire, and Elizabeth Ann Macouat, only child of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Macouat, of 27, Clevedon Drive, Glasgow, W.2, were married at Glasgow



**Muir—Tetley**

Sec.-Lieut. Harold Michael Muir, Royal Gloucester Hussars, eldest son of the late Captain S. G. Muir, and Mrs. Muir, and Rotha Elizabeth Tetley, only daughter of Captain E. W. Tetley, M.C., 60th Rifles, and Mrs. Tetley, of Little Sarton, Reigate Heath, Surrey, were married at Betchworth Church



**Taylor—Macadam**

Sec.-Lieut. John Barrington Taylor, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Taylor, of Springside, Saltford, and Aleen Macadam, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Macadam, of Blacklands, East Grinstead, Sussex, were married at St. Margaret's, West Hoathly



**Duncan—Darwall**

Lieut. Kenneth Sandilands Duncan, R.A., son of the late Dr. W. A. Duncan, and Mrs. Duncan, now at Grasmere, and Katharine Beatrice Darwall, daughter of the late Captain G. Helsham-Yeo, of Fowey, Cornwall, and Co. Kilkenny, were married at St. Columb's Cathedral, Londonderry



**Allport—Cowan**

Lieut. A. B. W. Allport, R.N., and Madoan Cowan, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Cowan, of Benacre, South Australia, and 35, Dover Street, W.1, were married at Alveley Parish Church, Salop. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James Allport, of the Mere, Seaview, Isle of Wight



**Gibson—Woodgate-Jones**

Major Graeme Stuart Gibson, Seaforth Highlanders of Canada, son of Mrs. Schouler Gibson, of Vancouver, and Ruth Gwyneth Woodgate-Jones, daughter of W. W. Woodgate-Jones, and Mrs. Woodgate-Jones, of Varners, Chobham, Surrey, were married at St. Peter's, Limsfield





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# Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

## Characters in Action

BEING a bounder myself, I feel a certain attraction to and admiration for other bounders. "A bounder he; sweet fellowship in shame, one bounder loves another of the name." It is one of the fantastic facts of life that millionaires always want to meet other millionaires. They are desperately keen to learn how the other fellow made his money. We bounders also tend to congregate together, seeking eagerly the secrets of successful boundership.

In the Royal Flying Corps we had many bounders. We tended to specialise in them for they proved a source of strength in all circumstances. There is no finer air fighter than your uninhibited oick. Have we, I wonder—and I ask the question with all due respect—sufficiently deep reserves of bounders in the Royal Air Force to-day?

I doubt it. My impression is that it is an almost bounderless service. As a sincere and lifelong bounder-lover I view this shortage with anxiety. We must have more bounders. Wider still and wider, may thy bounders be set. To me a boisterous jest in bad taste and an imitation pearl tie-pin are signs of air fighting aptitude of a high order. Show me a man's cuff links and I will show you his competence in aerial battle.

## Variety Show

ALL of which indicates that aviation can use a vast range of characters and personalities; variety is the spice of flight. This is especially so now that the scope of the air arm is constantly being increased.



Three R.A.F. Sportsmen D. R. Stuart

Flt.-Lieut. I. K. S. Cross, D.F.C., has represented the R.A.F. both at Rugger and golf. He gained his award last September for gallantry and devotion to duty in air operations. With him are Wing-Commander H. A. Constantine, who played Rugger for Leicester for nine years, and Sq.-Ldr. J. F. H. du Boulay, well known in R.A.F. athletics.

The chief outcome of the debate on Crete was the Prime Minister's statement that arrangements would be made to ensure that army formations always had their own air support which they would command and on which they could call at their own discretion.

It was inevitable that the Army should have this measure of air support built into it, as it were, and the only surprise is that nobody at the War Office saw the need sooner. The Navy saw its parallel need years ago.

Aviation will gain because the wider its activities the more likely it is to blossom. It feeds on freedom of action and the greater the calls made upon it the more readily it responds. We are only just beginning to see the full possibilities of air carrying, and we must admit that the Germans have helped to show us them.

## Aerodrome Defence

IT is obvious that a good deal of thought has lately gone into the problems of providing defence for aerodromes. The kind of defence provided by fighters has always been good; but the kind provided by anti-aircraft guns has sometimes been weak. Fortunately the Prime Minister himself is quickest to see where criticisms are justified and to respond to them.

He has shown his marvellous qualities of leadership better in the way he has enabled us to learn from the bitter experience of Crete than in anything else. Instead of bridling at criticism, as do so many public men, he sifted it, saw what was good, acted upon that and gave clear and cogent answers to what was bad.

I feel to-day more confident that aerodrome defence is being properly studied than ever before because the Prime Minister himself has seen that it shall be so. I am still, however, unhappy about our methods of dealing with the defence of aerodromes against fifth columnists.

## Home Insecurity

THE other day I mentioned briefly a case which threw doubt upon the competence of the branches of the Home Office and of the War Office which are responsible for this work. It was not so much that they committed an almighty blunder that made me anxious, as that, having committed it, and having been forced to see what an egregious blunder it was, they resolutely refused to accept the responsibility.

They tried to bat this backwards and forwards from one to the other and occasionally tried to turn it off to the police or the local watch committee. These frantic endeavours to wriggle out of responsibility by these two important government departments were quite depressing to witness at a time like the present. (In peace they would have been excruciatingly funny.)

In brief it came to this, that the appropriate intelligence branches of these two departments, without making the smallest previous inquiry, without consulting their own records, without having the slightest reasonable ground for suspicion, suddenly



A Recent R.A.F. Award

P.O. the Hon. Bruce David Grimston, R.A.F.V.R., gained the D.F.C. for exceptional gallantry and determination in carrying out a successful bombing attack on targets at Bremen, in spite of a sharp encounter en route with a Messerschmitt 110, and intense A.A. fire. He has made more than thirty raids over Germany and Italy. He is the youngest of the four sons of the Earl of Verulam. Two of his elder brothers are also serving in the Air Force.

took action which led to an ordinary patriotic citizen being accused by police officers of being an impostor and of visiting aerodromes for some unspecified, but, by implication, nefarious purpose!

The citizen had actually been visiting them at the invitation of two other government departments which is one reason why the whole thing stood out as a remarkable case of either slackness or incompetence.

After all German agents of the kind we must be prepared against, the kind that would seek to sabotage our aerodrome defence arrangements, will not be discovered by sticking a pin in the telephone directory and then sending down police officers to the address and making wild and woolly accusations.

## Aerodrome Command

MEANWHILE I should like to suggest that all these aerodrome defence problems be regarded as a matter for the Royal Air Force. They understand the problems better than other people and they would deal with them efficiently.

I would suggest the formation of an Aerodrome Defence Command of the Royal Air Force. It would need to be a big command and it would need to have a lot of equipment. But this job does seem to be a specialised one which should be entrusted to specialists.

At any rate it is clear that we now know its importance and that we also appreciate the need for rapid action. The time from now to the invasion attempt may not be very long. There must be prodigious efforts to clear up all these pockets of inefficiency and incompetence before then and to have our aerodromes made as nearly impregnable as possible.

I hope this scheme of a Royal Air Force Aerodrome Defence Command will be examined and that, if it is accepted in principle, it will be instantly put into practice. It is ideas as much as guns and coils of barbed wire that will protect our aerodromes.





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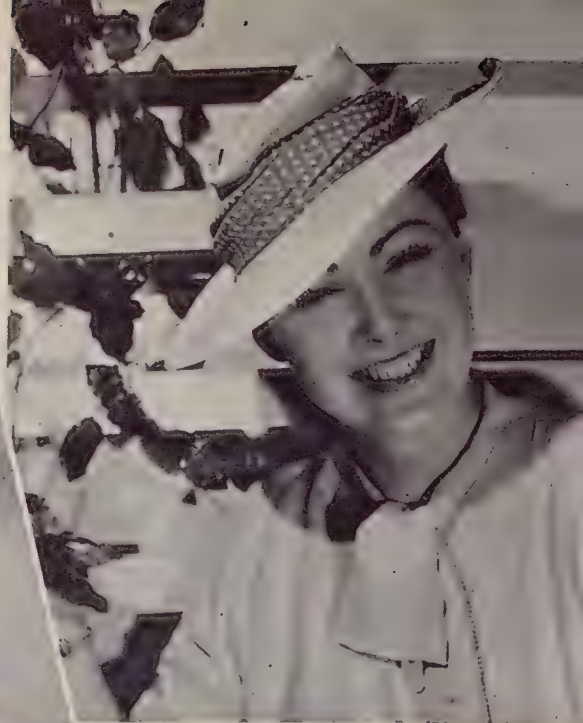
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## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION by M. E. BROOKE

### SUMMER HATS



A soft drapery of silk is used to trim the shady straw hat above, with its adjustable brim and gutter crown, also from Dickins and Jones. A feature is here made of hats for brides and bridesmaids, in many instances there are clusters of gaily-coloured flowers which are destined to be perched on the top of the head, and sprays of the same flowers. In striking contrast to these are the "pull-on" soft felt affairs in pastel as well as dark shades

Fashions are divided into two sections—those for off and on duty. There is little to say about the latter, as they have to conform to the regulations. The former vary considerably. Hats must be shady and trouble should be taken to see that they cast becoming shadows across the face. The trio pictured on this page may be seen at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, where there is a modern Hat Bar

Simplicity is an important feature of all hats this season. The model on the left is of felt, importance being given to it by the two upstanding quills at the back. It is available in accepted summer shades. A white silken fabric has been used for the sailor above. It is trimmed with ribbon and sets well down on the head, invisibly holding it in position

### RELAXATION ACCESSORIES



Simpsons, Piccadilly, realise the importance of change, especially for the worker. Hence they are making a speciality of relaxation-rament including daks, pullovers and cardigans. The accessories above are perfectly delightful and will act as a mental tonic. The affair on the left is of pique. It gives a charming finish to a tailored suit, and the other two of robia.



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# Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

THE small girl had been evacuated, and the first night in her new home she asked to have the light left on in her bedroom.

"But dear," protested her hostess, "you sleep in the dark at home, don't you?"

"Yes," replied the child, "but it's my own dark at home, you see."

HE was a very keen golfer, and when he got married he decided to teach his wife to play. She didn't seem very apt at the game, and eventually she smashed his pet club.

A few seconds later he dashed into the clubhouse. There was another member sitting there, an elderly man.

"Come at once; I've killed my wife with a niblick in the deep bunker!"

"Well," replied the other, "the niblick is the right club for the deep bunker, isn't it?"

"You love your wife, don't you?"

"Of course I do."

"Yet you actually mean to say you caught this fellow making love to her and you stand for it?"

"Well—er—yes. You see—"

"Why didn't you give him the hiding of his life?"

"I'm just waiting. Waiting, that's all."

"Waiting? What for?"

"Waiting till I catch her with a tiny little chap."

LITTLE Betty was heartbroken when her pet canary died, and to pacify her, her father gave her an empty cigar box, and, with much ceremony, assisted in burying the box in the garden.

"Daddy," whispered Betty, after the funeral was over, "will my dear little birdie go to Heaven?"

"I expect so," replied her father. "Why?"

"I was only thinking," murmured the little girl, "how cross St. Peter will be when he opens the box and finds it isn't cigars after all."

THE visitor to the crowded service at a popular church was compelled to leave early, and during the sermon tried to steal quietly away. As he tiptoed down the aisle his new shoes crackled like a forest in a gale. He reached the door in a state of collapse.

"By Jove," he remarked to the verger. "I wouldn't do that again for a pound." Then his face took on a mottled tint as he realized he had left his hat in the pew.

THE turtle is an example of how useless streamlines are without a good engine.



"Dammit, Emma, this is a war of nerves"

As the train pulled up at the station the guard noticed that the occupants of a compartment labelled "No Smoking" were all smoking happily.

Opening the door, he eyed the six guilty-looking passengers seated inside.

"Gentlemen," he remarked, "there are two company rules on this line which are repeatedly broken. First, that smoking is forbidden in carriages not set aside for that purpose. Second, that the company's servants may not accept bribes. You have already broken one of these rules."

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From June 30 to July 31 (inclusive) our annual Summer Sale of Ladies' Town and Country clothes is in full swing. Tailored and Ready-to-Wear Suits, Costumes, Coats, Jumpers, Cardigans and Knitwear are all to be had at genuinely reduced prices . . . What a chance for the thrifty shopper for, remember, the quality of Finnigans clothes will double the value of your 66 coupons!

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## Round the Restaurants

Lunching, Dining and Dancing

### The May Fair

THE hotel and restaurant sides of Berkeley Street's popular rendezvous continue as successfully as ever. Film stars seem to like it, and recent luncheon visitors include Valerie Hobson, Jean Carr, Patricia Burke and Sally Gray. The May Fair Cabaret is a strong feature and Paddie Brownne has just made her debut in this regard. Some of her singing questions to guests are teasing but tactful. Saturday nights almost always include guest stars. These are people selected by the general manager, Frank Fisher, who have never even dreamt of cabaret before. But aren't they interesting and surprising? There was Driver Lennarddo of the L.M.S. Railway whose singing nearly brought the place down. Another, Max Bradley, a sergeant in the R.A.O.C., and former government officer in Nottingham, did equally well with his rendering of "Old Man River." It's a grand novelty, and John Steel, the May Fair publicity manager, has a wizard up his sleeve—a singing shepherd from the Cotswolds. Don't miss him.



### The Normandie

"Go West Young Man" was the advice of sophisticated Canadian pioneers to the ambitious. The ambitious over here need only go as far west as Knightsbridge, to the Normandie. Could those on leave find a better place at which to stay? I doubt it. The bedrooms are perfectly appointed and almost every one has its private bathroom. Everything is so handy. You dine downstairs in the now famous restaurant, you dance downstairs in perfect surroundings and drink, if you wish to, in Vincent's well-stocked bar. In fact, you need not leave your temporary home except for shopping. And how far away is that? One minute, and the most exacting of shoppers can purchase anything. Five years ago, Majori started the Normandie and began to make Knightsbridge famous.

### The Lansdowne

CALLING all cars. The Government is reluctantly compelled to commandeer building after building. In fact, they have recently taken over Lansdowne House. This, however, does not affect the Lansdowne Restaurant in any way. It carries on in its own inimitable style. But you must remember the entrance is in Lansdowne Row—R-O-W. Food and wines are still in perfect taste. Possibly Louis and Fernandez have mastered the secret of the Lease and Lend Act. For dancing, there is Tim Clayton and his orchestra which needs no explaining. One way and another, the imposing Lansdowne, in its quiet manner, is a very imposing restaurant.

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3 portions 15/-	5 portions 37/6
Pâté de Lapereau	
4 portions 8/6	



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## Hatchett's

A GOOD place to go to on Armistice Night will be Hatchett's because all the Services will be there as they are today. On the small but perfect dance floor the other evening, there was khaki, Air Force blue, Navy blue, tartan, and the gold of the Merchant service. All were participating in a slow foxtrot to the strains of Dennis Morran's swingtet, which plays from 8.45 p.m. until 12.45 the next morning. Peggy McCormack looks and sings as well as ever. Hatchett's has its quiet corners for those people who come principally to partake of a first-class dinner and they will never be disappointed as long as Joseph Gerold is in command. Hatchett's used to be famous for food rather than entertainment, but nowadays it surpasses itself in both.

## The New Queen's

LOCAL air raid damage has in no way depressed the Queen's. A visit to the brasserie for luncheon or dinner soon proves this. The R.A.F. continue to treat the place as home from home and quite rightly so. Their long and loyal patronage almost gives them club rights. Java and his orchestra enchant dancers from 8.30 till 11.30 p.m. Talk of the R.A.F. is a reminder that Dave Java himself is due to join them very shortly. We shall miss him but trust he'll never be missing. Food at the Queen's still has that delicious pre-war flavour and the variety of drinks goes from every sort of beer to exclusive wines in bottle and carafe. Mr. H. Cope is still head man, but his famous carnation has made a wartime disappearance. How he keeps the prices of everything so extremely reasonable is a mystery, but entirely his affair.

## Martinez

AT Martinez, the Aperitivo Andalus still claims first attention. This cocktail lounge, one of London's prettiest, is a place of delight whether you are staying for food or not. For in its Andalusian setting are still served the best sherries in the world. And at such humble prices. If you stay on for food (as you surely will), the combined talents of Señor Martinez himself and his able "Number One," Negri, will not disappoint you. Novel dishes from sunny Spain, with the necessary accompanying wines are provided in perfect, but extremely reasonable, taste. An ideal spot for a luncheon or dinner, different and attractive

## Le Bon Viseur

THIS tiny club in Shepherd's Market is great. No wonder its membership increases. And yet there's still room. That's because you can lunch late and lunch well. I mean being late never affects the perfection of your luncheon. That's a lot in wartime. The stocks of wines and spirits are yet pre-war. Wolfschmidt Kümmel and Baron Rosen's Vodka are on the shelves of the fascinating little bar. I had a simple drink yesterday, gin and vermouth but the vermouth was Noilly Prat. Le Bon Viseur is open

daily from 11.30 in the morning until 4 in the afternoon and Davico makes you feel completely at home.

D.G.



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# Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

**P**LENTY of people have good cause to bless the *Daily Sketch* War Relief Fund: soldiers, sailors, airmen, raid sufferers of all kinds. So, incidentally, had several hundred quite hale and hearty war workers (it is not necessary to assume that everybody there was a mere idle fellow) to whom the Fund's all-women exhibition match the other day provided three hours of fresh air, fresh thought, exercise and golf of the very best brand.

Cuddington had already staged a professional match for this fund with success: nobody, so far, had staged a women's, and to collect Miss Pam Barton, and partner her with Mrs. A. C. Critchley, against Miss Wanda Morgan and Miss Maureen Ruttle was a stroke of inspiration on the part of Miss Betty Debenham. The weather helped by being ideal, hot sun and a bracing breeze; the course was in truly apple pie order, suggesting that the few remaining ground staff or amateur volunteers must have taken full advantage of double summer time to put in overtime on both greens and fairways. The rough of the course is rightly qualifying for its role in the war effort as either hay or silage, and, in the meantime, provided all four players with a pretty opportunity to show how well they could recover from it.

So the holiday spirit was abroad; friends who had not met for many grim months being glad to see each other alive and well, and delighted to watch such really good golf played with the minimum of fuss and the maximum of enjoyment. For good it was, particularly from Miss Morgan and Miss Barton, both entirely out of practice, yet hitting the ball as far and as straight as if it had been their daily concern instead of the very rarest event in the middle of fierce war work.

The putts they holed, too, and the long ones they put dead, although Cuddington greens are large and there were some mighty long ones to be tackled! Indeed, the standard on the greens was particularly high, till the thought was inevitable that if Miss Morgan had putted like that in pre-war days, even more championships would have come her way than the four that actually did.

Another reflection was inevitable: how much more delightful was golf played in this sort of gay spirit than in the sometimes bitter endeavour of competition days, and—a minor improvement—without shooting sticks? The game seemed to have slipped quite naturally into its right place, as a recreation and a pleasure instead of (all too often) a business and a pain.

**I**T was a queer sensation. Was the war a dream—bombed Mrs. Hector Morrison on her sticks, battle dress of both hues, tin hats and the like gave the lie to that chimera—or was it some strange phantom of the brain that once upon a time those four girls, and hundreds of others, spent their days doing little else than play golf, and I spent mine watching them do it? Will it be possible after the war to keep golf in its proper place? Much is said nowadays of a balanced ration of this, that and the other, till the mere thought of anything so unbalanced as life devoted wholly to any game appears quite ridiculous.

Probably nobody need worry, because cash will be lacking for endless competition golf, and, anyway, who could worry with the larks singing and the buttercups blooming, and the sky so blue and the sun so warm.

**T**HE round ended all square, and (habit-being still strong within) I seem to note down that Miss Morgan and Miss Ruttle were only once down and were, in fact, two up at the third. That was because Miss Morgan was the first to get into her stride, particularly in the matter of putting.

Then came a prolonged counter-attack, with Miss Barton putting in plenty of shots that made the gallery "ough!" and "ah!" in true gallery fashion, and press up so close for a better view of how it was done that the old familiar "back on the left, please," was heard once more.

Mrs. Critchley put in some fine work at the short holes, ever the hallmark of the accomplished golfer, and if Miss Ruttle's contributions were fewer than Miss Morgan's, that was largely because a number of putts died away just when they should have been gathering pace.

After all, here was this eighteen-year-old in company of three open champions, and not noticeably left out of the picture by any of them. That gives sufficient promise that she herself should some day figure in that august list. Many moons may rise and set before then. Miss Ruttle will doubtless feel impelled to first follow their example in one or other of the services, but the golf is there right enough and will be none the worse for waiting.

Mrs. Critchley, by the way, is on the point of joining a mobile ambulance, which will dash to the spot as required by a blitz emergency. Miss Barton, who had hitch-hiked up from Wilts in approved W.A.A.F. fashion, sat down to a hurried tea in uniform, looking as good as the tea tasted—which is saying a real mouthful.

Altogether, a really delightful show, with a first-class auction, numbered score cards draw and all the other subtle ways by which pounds, shillings and pence, hundreds of them, may be conjured from pockets previously declared empty when there is a witch and wizards about who know how.

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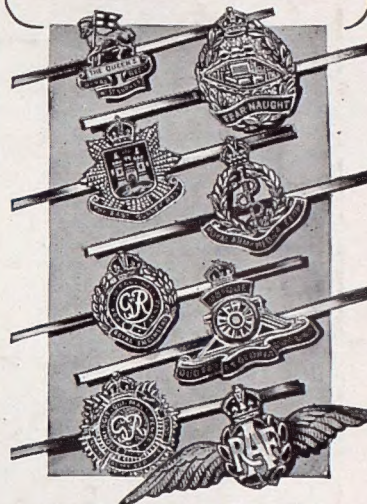
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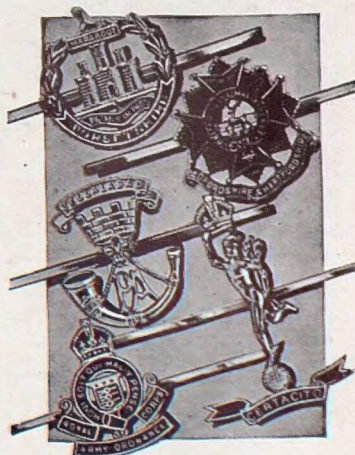


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